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McKean County Miner.

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MAN SUCCUMBS IN HAY LOFT.

R. T. Reynolds Finds Body in Holmes & Gilfillan's Barn, Friday.

IDENTIFIED AS DAVID THOMPSON.

Had Been Dead Several Days Buried from County Home Saturday—Many Wild Rumors.

Rufus T. Reynolds made a ghastly find last Friday morning at about eleven o'clock. Mr. Reynolds, who is employed about the lumber yards of Holmes & Gilfillan on Mechanic street, was not feeling well Friday and decided to lie down for a short time before dinner. He went up into the hay loft of his employer's barn for that purpose, but noticing an offensive smell started to investigate and soon stumbled over the body of a man. He at once made known his discovery and the county commissioners were notified and they sent for Coroner Hall of Bradford.

In the meantime several people viewed the decomposed remains and many wild rumors were soon afloat as to his identity and the cause of death. Some claimed that he was a negro who had left Indian Bill's Wild West and that the cause of death was small-pox, while others thought that he was a woodsman who had died from alcoholism, as a bottle containing white fluid was found by the dead man's side. However, the small-pox story arrested the inquisitiveness of the many curious people who visited that locality and those in charge had no further trouble in keeping the barn room of visitors until Dr. Hall, the coroner, arrived.

Dr. Hall arrived from Bradford on the evening train and immediately visited the scene, in company with Commissioner W. P. Walsh and Myron Terwilliger, an employe at the County Home. The body was badly decomposed but the coroner made it known at once that the deceased was a white man and that the cause of his death was not violence.

The remains were then removed to the County Home, where, upon a careful examination, it was found that the body was that of David Thompson and that he had died from diabetes. The bottle which was found near the body contained only water.

Thompson was formerly a resident of Port Allegany, but for some time past had been an inmate of the County Home. A short time ago he left the Home and the last seen of him alive was Monday, May 25, when he was about town. It is supposed that he went into the barn that evening and died some time during the night. Thompson was 41 years of age. His remains were interred at the county plot Saturday morning.

Gifford-Ryan.

An interesting event to the people of Kane and Smethport was the handsome wedding in Kane on Wednesday evening when Miss Mary Louise, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Ryan of Kane, was married to Mr. Roy Carlton Gifford of Smethport. The marriage was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, Tionesta street, by Rev. J. H. McCandless, rector of St. Luke's church, Smethport. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Harriet Ryan, Miss Ethel Gifford and Miss Mabel Long. Mr. Guy E. McCoy served as best man. The ushers were Mr. Scott Redfield and Ralph Gleason. The bride wore a charming costume of white d'esprit, and carried a cluster of white roses. White and green were the wedding colors in which the bridesmaids were becomingly attired carrying boquets of white carnations and roses. The bridal party entered to the "wedding march" from "Lohengrin," rendered by Miss Helen Forrest. The home was tastefully decorated in ferns and roses, and elegant refreshments were served. Mr. and Mrs. Gifford left on a late train for a short tour after which they will be at home at Dayton, Ohio. A large party of young people from Smethport were present and returned home on a special train after the wedding.

Smethport Lost.

On Saturday last the Smethport ball team minus several of its best men went to Condersport and was easily defeated by the boys of that place. Score 11 to 3. Details of the disaster are scarce, but it is understood that the airzone of Potter county had a lobsterical effect upon some of the Smethport boys and the resultant errors were lurid and abundant. Judging from reports Fuller pitched a good game and had he received even ordinary support would have won. But vain regrets are tiresome and all there is left to do is to wait for a return game and then win, as Smethport is easily the superior team when in shape for playing.

I will be at the Grand Central Hotel Monday evening, June 8th, and will remain two or three days, with a full line of hot weather goods.

A. J. MARTIN.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Married, at St. John's church in Ellicottville, on Wednesday morning, Sept. 10, 1867, by Rev. P. P. Kidder of Dunkirk, Mr. Homer M. Choate of Oil City, Pa., to Miss Helen E. McCoy of Ellicottville, N. Y.

On Tuesday, September 17, 1867, at the house of Wm. Speght in Mechanicsburg, by A. B. Armstrong, Esq., Mr. J. M. Rouble of Keating township and Miss Mary E. Hinaman of Norwich township.

On Monday, September 23, 1867, Geo. S. Fergeson was found dead in the road in Farigers Valley, about eighty rods west of Goodwin's hotel. He was first discovered by some children who were passing by. He lived in Eldred township, this county, and was on his way to this place for the purpose of attending court. P. Ford, Esq., held an inquest on the body and the jury rendered the following verdict: "Died from a flow of blood to the head, or other visitation of God."

On Thursday, September 26, 1867, Mr. Patrick Kelley committed suicide by hanging himself in his barn, the particulars of which are as follows: He placed a fence rail upon the scaffold in the barn and securing a halter took off the headstall and fastened the strap to the rail on the scaffold above. There being a ring on the end of the strap used, he was enabled to make a loop by putting the other end in the ring and pulling it through. Placing this loop upon his neck he hung there until found by one of the members of the family who happened to call in the barn on some business. Mr. Kelley was about his work that morning as usual until about 10 o'clock, when he was found in the manner above described. He was a resident of Liberty township and lived on what is known as the Vunsickle farm, about four miles from this place. He was a quiet, peaceable citizen and his reasons for putting this untimely end to his life are attributed to temporary insanity, although no signs of this had ever before manifested itself. P. Ford held an inquest on the deceased and the following is the verdict handed: "Died by his own hands by hanging by the neck, caused by temporary insanity."

Married, in Bradford, on Tuesday, October 1, 1867, at the residence of L. Ward, by Rev. Job Miller, Lewis A. Smith of Athens, Pa., to Miss Mary Melvin of Bradford, Pa.

Died, in Shippen township, on September 30, 1867, Temperance, wife of J. L. Lewis, aged 45 years. The deceased was a daughter of the late Richard Chadwick, who died about a year and a half ago, and who for many years was prothonotary of McKean county, having been elevated to and retained in that position by the almost unanimous consent of both political parties in those days. He was a man universally beloved by all who knew him and his daughter seemed to inherit all his good qualities and was the idol of the neighborhood in which she resided. Her funeral was attended by a large concourse of people. * *—Emporium Independent.

On Saturday last Mons. Edwards, the celebrated boy rope walker, gave an exhibition on a rope stretched from the top of the Bennett house to the top of the Sartwell block. Mons. Edwards is a boy only 13 years old, yet he walked the rope with perfect ease and performed admirably.

Our old friend, Z. W. Fisher of Bradford, left at our office on Friday of last week a squash which weighed 48 pounds. It is an excellent variety. He also left four rutabaga turnips which averaged 15 pounds each in weight. These vegetables were raised on the Tuna flats without any extra pains taken in cultivating, which establishes the fact that no better soil exists in this region of country for raising the best of crops.

Stephen Curtis of Keating township brought us a few specimens of his pink-eye russet potatoes on Monday last. From two bushels planted Mr. Curtis raised 64 bushels this season.

On Wednesday afternoon last the citizens of this borough were favored with a free exhibition on a rope by A. O. Reilly, a boy about 14 years old, a resident of Keating township. The rope was stretched from the to pof W. J. Milliken's office to the top of McCarthy's shoe shop on the opposite side of the street. Although the rope was not well stretched not guyed he walked it in perfect ease. Mons. Reilly about two weeks ago, for the first time in his life, saw a rope walk by Mons. Edwards and has learned all de knows about rope walking since that time without instruction.

Married, at the residence of N. W. Abbey in this borough, on November 19, 1867, by A. B. Armstrong, Esq., Mr. David E. Comes and Miss Ellen A. Pattison all of Norwich township.

At the house of N. W. Abbey, on November 19, 1867, by A. B. Armstrong, Esq., Mr. D. O. Gallup of Norwich township and Miss Amanda M. Perry of Hamlin township.

Subscribe for the MINER.

TWO TERRIBLE DISASTERS.

Wind, Water and Fire do Awful Damage in West and South.

OVER 300 LIVES HAVE BEEN LOST.

Kansas City, Topeka, Kas., and Gainesville, Ga., Suffer Terribly.

Floods and fires in the Missouri valley and an awful cyclone in Gainesville, Ga., has caused the loss of between 300 and 400 lives and the destruction of millions of dollars' worth of property in the past few days.

One of the most disastrous floods since the Johnstown flood, May 31, 1889, occurred in the Missouri valley Saturday and Sunday last. Nearly every city and town in this valley has suffered great loss of property and many lives. A large quantity of lumber which was floating down the river took fire and many people who had taken refuge in trees and housetops were burned to death.

In Topeka, Kas., 1,000 houses were destroyed and 100 lives are reported lost. In Kansas City the loss of property is great and the loss of life is estimated between 50 and 75. All along the path of the flood death and destruction has been wrought. Fourteen bodies were found at Council Grove. It never will be known just how many lives have been lost and at present it is impossible to estimate the damage to property.

A dispatch from Gainesville, Ga., dated June 1 says:

Within the space of two minutes today a tornado dealt death and destruction to the city of Gainesville and environs, killing at least 100 people, wounding 150 more and leveling 100 cottages to the ground, and tearing two stories off the factory of the Gainesville cotton mill. Of the killed, probably two-thirds were women and children who were operatives in the cotton mills. The death list includes only about six negroes. The storm came from the southwest almost a clear sky, swooping down to the Gainesville cotton mills near the Southern railroad station, at 15 minutes before 1 o'clock. With a terrible crash the two upper stories of the building were swept away, leaving 32 operatives dead in the room. The cyclone then swept around the outskirts of the city to the suburb of New Holland, two miles away, where are located the Pacolet cotton mills, one of the largest institutions of this character in the South. The plant of the Pacolet company was not seriously damaged, but probably 100 cottages standing nearby occupied by operatives who were employed in the mills, were completely demolished, killing 28 people. There were mostly women and children, as the heads of families were nearly all in the factory at work. The store of Joseph Logan, near the Gainesville cotton mills, was crushed to ruins by the wind and eight men who had taken refuge in it were instantly killed. The Jones general store met a similar fate and in the ruins two people, one man and one woman, were crushed to death.

Dr. Smith, city physician of Gainesville, says he has visited 100 wounded, and has personal knowledge of 100 dead.

School Board Meeting

The new school board held a meeting Monday evening and much business of interest to the public was transacted. D. C. Young was elected president of the school board; John N. Apple, treasurer, and Sheridan Gorton, secretary. At this meeting it was decided to hold nine months of school instead of eight as has been the custom for several years past.

The following able corps of teachers were selected for the ensuing year: High School, H. H. Foster, principal, Miss Martha H. Hasbrouck, preceptress, and Miss Carrie A. Day, assistant; Miss Mary Campbell, seventh and eighth grades; Miss Emma Tretten, sixth grade; Miss Nellie Masser, fifth grade; Miss Frances Campbell, fourth grade; Miss Eva Fleming, third grade. The teachers for the first and second grades were not selected at this meeting.

Cause of Bicycle's Decline.

Colonel Pope, the head of the Pope Manufacturing company, affirms that bicycling was killed by the bicycle trust. How? The trust shut down on advertising. It assumed that because there was virtually no competition between makers, as formerly, it was not necessary to advertise. Hence a quick loss of popular interest in the wheel and wheeling. There is material for a good deal of thinking in this opinion of a man of great experience.—Philadelphia Record.

Horseshoeing, Blacksmithing.

We have secured the services of Mr. F. W. Perkins, an expert horseshoer and are now prepared to give special attention to all kinds of common or special shoeing. Wagon and buggy repairs done while you wait.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Maurice Hall has some nice seed potatoes for sale at reasonable prices.

CRIMINAL COURT PROCEEDINGS.

A Large List of Small Cases Rapidly Disposed of.

JUDGE BOUTON GIVES SOME ORDERS

A Number of Cases Continued—Aliens Naturalized—Other Business.

Criminal court convened at 2 p. m. Monday, Judge Bouton presiding. After the grand jury had been instructed and retired the constables were called upon to make their returns and thereupon Judge Bouton took occasion to give them a short lecture in regard to returning violators of the law in each of their bailiwicks. He said in part: "Complaints have been made concerning various slot machines, which are being operated throughout the county, for the purpose of facilitating the sale of cigar species. In courts of some States these machines have been held not gambling devices, but no more ingenious gambling device could be invented by any man. Those persons who patronize these machines are usually boys. If they would take a nickel, drop it into the slot and get one cigar they would get their money's worth, but if they get 2, 3, 4 or 5 cigars they are under the impression that they are making money. It is of no consequence to me what the courts of other States have held, we hold and shall hold, that these machines are gambling devices, and are contrary to law, in Pennsylvania." Constables were instructed to break up the slot machine business as speedily and thoroughly as possible.

It was reported that minors are in the habit of frequenting billiard and pool rooms principally in Bradford, for the purpose of engaging in the fascinating games played in these places. The constables were instructed to return any person found violating the law by permitting minors to play billiards or pool in any of these billiard or pool rooms.

The court also called the attention of the constables to the fact that the selling or pooling of tickets in billiard or pool rooms as an inducement to enter the game is a violation of law and must be eliminated immediately. There was also a complaint that certain persons in Hamlin and Norwich townships are engaged in the illicit sale of intoxicating beverages. The court instructed the constables of these bailiwicks in particular and all in general to prevent such violations.

The cases of the Commonwealth vs. Edward G. Bachtell, on a charge of libel, and the Commonwealth vs. Edward G. Bachtell, for violating the Hotel Keeper's act, were continued.

The case of Commonwealth vs. Cecil Hackett was tried Monday. He was charged with assault and battery on Samuel Fry. The verdict was not guilty and each party pay half the costs.

The following cases were nol prossed: Commonwealth vs. George Johnson, fornication, etc.; Commonwealth vs. James Martin Aldrich, false pretense; Commonwealth vs. Chester L. Hall, assault and battery, and Commonwealth vs. Chester L. Hall, non support.

In the case of Commonwealth vs. Edward McLaughlin, assault and battery, S. Scott prosecutor, the costs were divided.

Claud Sandborn and Charles Salsgiver, aged respectively 18 and 19, each out of Morganza on parole, pleaded guilty to the charge of burglarizing the store of Mrs. Hitchcock of Rew City, where they secured a quantity of jewelry, etc. The court sentenced each to pay a fine of $50, costs of prosecution and serve one year and five months in the western penitentiary.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Wm. Glover, charged with fornication, etc., the prosecutor failed to appear for two terms. The case was given to the jury, which brought in a verdict that the defendant was not guilty but pay the costs.

The following named aliens were naturalized: William Meacham, native of Canada; Joseph Nascak, of Mt. Alton, native of Austria; Frederick Kantz of Mt. Alton, native of Germany; Gabriel Alvino of Mt. Alton, native of Italy; E. J. DeRosia of Marshburg, native of Canada; John August Johnson, native of Sweden, and August Pierotti of Kane, native of Italy.

The following cases were nol prossed: Com. vs. Ida Rothstein, assault and battery and surety of the peace. Com. vs. Alfred Studley, assault and battery. Com. vs. Edward McLaughlin, surety of the peace.

Com. vs. Edward Peaseley, violating livery keeper's act, not a true bill and prosecutor, W. M. Leet, pay the costs.

Com. vs. Ludwig, Claud and Eric Christenson, malicious mischief; not a true bill and prosecutrix, Florence Howard, pay the costs.

Com. vs. Anna Barnes, larceny; not guilty and county pay costs.

Com. vs. Frank Kelly, assault and battery; guilty.

Julius Kohler pleaded guilty to a charge of receiving stolen goods and upon his paying costs and giving bail in the sum of $500 for appearance at the next term sentence was suspended.

Joseph Byman of Bradford, a native of Russia, was naturalized Wednesday.

Carrie Furse, a noted Bradford character, was released yesterday on a writ of habeas corpus, on the ground that she is a married woman.

James Leeper and Fred Stein, Bradford youths, pleaded guilty to larceny of a quantity of brass. The judge gave the boys a brief lecture and suspended sentence until next term, pending their good behavior.

Jack Early pleaded guilty to assault and battery and was sentenced to pay a fine of $50 and costs.

Mrs. Grace Peasely of Bradford pleaded guilty to a charge of adultery. Her husband agreed to condone the offense and reinstate the wife in her home. Sentence was then upon suspended upon the payment of $50 fine and costs.

John Beardsley of State Line, charged with being the paramour of Mrs. Peasley, pleaded guilty to fornication, etc. He was sentenced to pay a fine of $10 to the city of Bradford and pay the costs of prosecution.

The grand jury finished its labors on Wednesday and was discharged with the thanks of the court.

Council Proceedings.

The regular meeting of the borough council was called to order on Monday evening by President Hugberg. The following members were present: Alfred Hugberg, Chas. Johnson, Dr. W. A. Ostrander, H. B. Redfield, N. D. Rumer, J. W. Voorhees. J. F. Rooney was the only absentee.

Minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

A number of bills were ordered paid.

The secretary was instructed to notify Mrs. L. A. Freeman to either trim her shade trees or build a new walk on line.

The street committee was instructed to employ either C. M. Colegrove or Robert King to establish grade for new sidewalk on Willow street.

The committee appointed in regard to selling land belonging to the borough made no report. As the price offered by prospective purchasers was considered insufficient, it was decided not to sell at present and the committee was discharged.

The secretary was instructed to notify the board of health to make a tour of inspection and ascertain if the borough is in proper sanitary condition.

The secretary reported the following amounts were due from the telephone companies: Union Telephone Company $113.50; Bell Telephone Co. $109.25, and that bills were mailed to the respective companies on May 29.

Upon report of the finance committee it was decided to levy a tax of 10 mills for general borough purposes and 6 mills for bonds.

A motion was carried to provide an ordinance requiring the justices of the peace to furnish to the council a quarterly itemized statement covering fines, etc., received by them.

The street committee was authorized to offer T. H. O'Brien 75 cents per load for field stone, drawn on the road.

An ordinance permitting the American Telegraph and Telephone Company of Pennsylvania to construct its lines of poles, wires and fixtures upon and along the public highways in the borough of Smethport was unanimously passed and ordered printed. The ordinance in full appears in another column of this issue of the MINER.

Other new ordinances were left in the hands of the ordinance committee, to be reported at the next meeting.

Smethport Will Continue to Boom.

Railroad facilities improving, new industries coming, now is the time to buy Smethport real estate. The Smethport Land and Improvement Co. L't'd., has some excellent lots on Nelson, Cemetery, Bank, Willow and Ramer streets, which it offers for sale at prices ranging from $50 to $175 each. Call on Guy McCoy at the bank for full particulars.

Fine Farm Lands

still obtainable in far west and on Pacific coast. The Nickel Plate Road will sell daily until June 15th special one-way tickets, Buffalo to Pacific coast points, at rate $42.50. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Gen'l Agt., 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Carriages and Buggies.

E. T. Daly, the liveryman, has a new stock of carriages and buggies which he will sell at prices that cannot fail to suit you. They are Waterloo and other standard makes. If you want a good carriage or buggy now is your opportunity.

Do You Own a Home?

If you do not and want a desirable location look over the high, dry and level borough lots which the Smethport Land and Improvement Co., L't'd., is offering at from $50 to $175 each. Payments on easy terms. For full particulars call on or address, Guy McCoy, Smethport.

A hand sprayer, 3 different streams. Vegetables, bushes, tall trees and washing windows; will reach 3d story.

J. C. HAMLIN.

Redfield carries a complete line of baseball goods. Baseballs from 5c up. Catchers' mitts for boys at 25c.

HONORED OUR SOLDIER DEAD.

Memorial Day was Fittingly Observed in Smethport.

IMPRESSIVE EXERCISES AT PARK.

Graves Decorated in the Morning—Parade and Exercises in the Afternoon.

Memorial Day, the day when the whole nation pays its respect to those who have protected the Stars and Stripes when in peril, both living and dead, was once more fittingly observed at the county seat. The day was clear and cool and therefore more veterans were in the line of march than have participated for several years past.

In the morning Smethport members of McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R., visited Rose Hill and St. Elizabeth's cemeteries in this borough and decorated the graves of their departed comrades, while the graves of those in adjacent cemeteries were strewn with flowers by comrades living near. The ceremonies at the cemeteries were impressive and beautiful.

The parade formed in front of the court house at 2 p. m. in the following order: Marshal Dr. E. R. Baker and the riding club as aides, Smethport Band, McKean Post No. 347, G. A. R., and other survivors of American wars, Smethport Lodge, No. 389, I. O. O. F., Mackanee Tribe, I. O. R. M., and the speakers and citizens in carriages. The body marched down Main street to Mechanic, to King, to Byron, to Main, to Washington, to the park.

The exercises at the park were opened with a short but impressive prayer by Rev. J. H. McCandless. Hon. Thos. A. Morrison, president of the day, then made a very appropriate short address, which was followed by a song by the Smethport Glee Club. Guy B. Mayo, Rev. P. S. Calvin, Prof. H. H. Foster, E. L. Keenan, F. D. Gallup and D. C. Young gave short but interesting addresses, interspersed with music by the Smethport Band and Glee Club. "America" was sung by the audience and the exercises were closed with the benediction by Rev. Calvin.

That the holding of the exercises in the park instead of in the court house is a popular move was demonstrated by the number who attended. The crowd was larger than could have been accommodated in the court house and was more than double the usual attendance at these services. Much credit is due Dr. H. L. McCoy for the efforts he put forth in making the occasion a success.

Early History of Smethport.

The following is from the Early Histories of McKean County published in the Bradford Sunday Herald and written by Mrs. L. H. Young of Farmers Valley:

"By act of March 4th, 1807, it was provided 'That the seal of justice for the county district of McKean shall be, and the same is hereby established and confirmed at the town of Smethport in the county of McKean.' This act also provides that the trustees of the county should receive from John Keating one-half of the town lots and two public squares in said town, one for the county buildings and the other for the use of an academy or public school. This arrangement was made and the conveyance duly delivered. The mistake made by the Keating surveyor, Francis King, locating the town partly on Bingham lands and the difficulties that arose therefrom are matters that we cannot dwell upon. The dispute was finally arranged between the Keating and Bingham estates to the satisfaction of all parties.

"The town of Smethport was surveyed in 1807 and laid out on the north side of Marvin creek, in nearly its present form, by Francis King, surveyor for John Keating, King then living at Ceres where he had settled about 1800. The following appears in the handwriting of Francis King, in a book in possession of Hon. B. D. Hamlin regarding the survey of Smethport: Running of the town lots of Smethport, etc., twenty-fourth of the eighth month, 1807; left home to go to Smethport and landed at the mouth of our creek; 25th, continued up the river and lodged at the mouth of Potato creek; 26th, camped near the forks of the creek; 27th, still raining, went up the small branch and built a camp; 28th, finished camp and moved into it; 29th of the ninth Monday, finished survey of the town."

How to Save Money.

One way is to purchase your building lot from the Smethport Land and Improvement Co. L't'd. The excellent lots offered by this concern will soon be sold. You can pay $10 down and the balance in small instalments. Call on or address Guy McCoy, Smethport.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

If you want Fishing Tackle go to Holmes & Gilfillan's.

IN THE LAND o' DREAMS

By LESTER GRAY

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The setting sun burned through the river mists with lurid smoke. Its dying splendor silhouetted the drooping figure of the girl on the park bench and revealed pitilessly every line of discouragement and weariness.

The lower river walk was quite deserted, and so she kept her sunset vigil alone.

The day had been stifling. In the busy office the whirring fans had brought no breath of coolness. The keys of her machine had felt hot to her fingers, and the lines of typewriting had danced waveringly before her eyes. Somehow, with a strength born of the long ago days of childish freedom in field and wood, she had managed to drag through her work. And now the evening found her here, too weary in mind and body to realize that the river breeze was blowing freshly and the city noises were hushed by distance.

Her face was turned toward the western hills, already shadowed by the approach of night. Her fevered glance seemed to pass beyond them and see the peaceful valleys where ripening grain murmured in the night wind, where in the thickets by the splashing brook came the last faint trills of sleepy birds and drowsy cattle lay in the lush bottom grass.

The girl saw clearly, for in just such a valley she had once lived. She had waded in that clear brook and laughed joyously at her image mirrored in its flower fringed pools. Hark! That was the note of the whippoorwill. Faint and still more faintly it sounded. The scent of the evening primrose was in the air. Its sweetness was overpowering. Her head fell forward on her breast. She had fainted.

She looked around her dizzily. Her face and hair were wet and her head

SHE LAID HER HAND IMPLORINGLY ON HIS ARM

lay back on a man's arm. Yet she felt neither fear nor surprise. The peace of her dream was still upon her, and her lips half parted in a smile.

The man had been gazing down wonderingly.

"Don't be frightened," he said gently. "You were tired and fainted. I was close by and came to you. Rest quietly."

The girl lay back passively. Realities were still dim uncertainties to her; conventionalities but a part of the forgotten heat and burden of the day. The moon had risen, and in its white light her small face looked very pure and childish.

After awhile the man spoke again, hesitatingly, apologetically: "I sat down some time ago, but you did not seem to notice me. You were too busy watching the sunset. Your face was transfigured. Where were you then?"

"I was in the land of dreams," she answered softly—"in the land of long ago. It is far away from the hurrying crowds, the noise and the heat of this great city, and there one never knows weariness and heart hunger. I know, for I was there once."

"Why do you not go back?" he asked.

"I cannot. Those who loved me and whom I loved are all dead. There is no place for me there."

The light of peace had faded from her face, for a sickening sense of reality had come to her as she spoke. But she had caught the note of bitterness in the man's voice, and now she turned to him, eagerly, gratefully. The moonlight showed a handsome young face, worn and haggard, its beauty dimmed by the too plain marks of dissipation. In the dark eyes was the shadow of despair. But the girl's face only softened into pity.

"Where is your dream country?" she asked wistfully.

He shrank a little from her clear gaze. Then he shrugged his shoulders with reckless nonchalance. "Oh, I am not as lucky as you. I dare not even dream of my country, much less go back." And he laughed bitterly.

"Then you mean you are afraid to go back?"

"Afraid? No!" he cried passionately, as though stung by her words. "I do not wish to go back. What's the use? I have burned my bridges behind me."

She laid her hand imploringly on his arm. "Is there no one left there who loves you," she asked softly—"no one who wants you to come back?"

She almost thought he had not heard the question, he sat so silently looking at the water rippling in the moonlight. Or perhaps he was angry. If she could recall her words.

Suddenly he caught his breath thickly, as if to choke back a sob. "Yes, there is one," in half whispered—"my mother."

Again the silence fell. Then the girl spoke. She did not look at him. He almost had to bend to hear the low accordance of repressed feeling.

"My mother! She has been dead these three months, but I I did not appreciate her when she was alive. I was dissatisfied with the calm of my quiet country home. I wanted the glitter and the glare of the city. I forgot that she needed me, and I came here. Of course I meant to make a home for her, but that did not come first; no, my own pleasure came first. And when I was gone she faded day by day. I was all she had, so there was no one to tell me. I wrote of gay times with new friends, and she was too loving to worry me with complaints. Then one day the word came she was very ill; I must go to her at once. She had been dead for several hours when I threw myself down beside her. It was too late, too late to hear her dear voice whisper that she had forgiven me."

Great tears were slowly rolling down her cheeks. There were tears in the man's eyes, too, but they shone with the light of new resolution.

"You have shown me your heart tonight, little girl," he said huskily, "and I thank you. You have shown me what I must do. I will go back tonight—at once. I will face the shame and live it down for her sake."

The girl had forgotten her own pain in joy for another. His mother would have her own again. She stood up and held out her hand in goodby. She must not keep him a moment; his mother was waiting.

"You will go back and be a man for her sake," she said firmly.

"For her sake," he repeated, "and for you."

And one day her land of dreams became reality.

Thrice the Life of a Stag.

Is it true or not true—another curious and current belief—that the raven lives to an immense age, some say to a hundred or even to 300 years? Old Hesiod is the father of the belief, and he is supported, more or less, by a host of ancient writers, the elder Pliny, Cicero, Aristophanes, Horace, Ovid and Ausonius. Popular opinion in modern times quite agrees with them, as expressed in the highland proverb, somewhat modified from Hesiod:

Thrice the life of a dog is the life of a horse.
Thrice the life of a horse is the life of a man.
Thrice the life of a man is the life of a stag.
Thrice the life of a stag is the life of a raven.

There cannot be so much smoke without some fire behind it, and I am inclined to think that a raven does live to a great age for a bird and that Horace's epithet for the raven, annosus, and Tennyson's "many wintered crow" are justified by facts. But the belief in its extreme age, I suspect, on one of its most laughing characteristics, its intense hereditary attachment to the spot, a particular cliff, a particular grove, a particular tree, where its ancestors, whose flesh and where its young have been born and bred, is Bosworth Stuff, in Nineteenth Century.

Local Critics.

"Local color" is an excellent adjunct to a good story, but it cannot supply the place of incident and character. A young author, now in possession of a promising reputation, has related how this fact was first painfully impressed upon his mind. He had spent the summer in an ancient seaport of New England and desired to reproduce its atmosphere of quaint, old fashioned tranquillity in a story.

He worked hard over it. When the tale was done, it occurred to him to try its effect upon a native resident, a retired sea captain, militerary, but intelligent.

"Does it seem natural? Is it like the place?"

"Yes; oh, yes," replied the old man promptly. "It's like the place. But seems to me places were made for things, and so I been kind o' waitin' all along for somethin' to be doin', and the first thing that happened was the end."

Still more crushing was the comment of another local critic who read the story after it was published. Some one asked her if it were not well written.

"Land, yes!" said she. "It's written real elegant and lifelike as natur', only whatever did he write it for?"

Boats With Glass Bottoms.

Are boats ever built with glass bottoms?

Boats with heavy and slightly magnifying glass bottoms are constantly used by tourists in the lovely Santa Catalina island to visit the famous "blue cavern." The passengers sit round the sides of the boat and can see as they pass or linger over them the brilliant seaweeds, glinting fish and natural wonders of the deep, a veritable fairyland of glow and color, in transparent waters beneath.

Some of the pleasure boats at Nassau, in the Bahamas, are built with similar glass bottoms—that is to say, large pieces of plate glass are let into the lower part of the framework. The water is beautifully transparent, and thus those who glide in them over the surface have full opportunity to enjoy a continuous and enchanting sight through the bottom of the boat of various kinds of coral, sea anemones and sea plants which gem and enrich the ocean floor.

The Charge.

Judge—Officer, what is this prisoner charged with?

Officer—Electricity, your honor. I caught him stealing trolley wire.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Difference.

"So that distinguished looking lady is your wife, eh?"

"No. I'm that distinguished looking lady's husband."

Uncle Reuben says, "Silence may not allus be wisdom, but it yo' don't say nuffin' yo' can't be called a fule fur it."—Detroit Free Press.

THE SCOLD'S BRIDLE.

Brutal Punishment to Which Women Were Once Subjected.

The branks or scold's bridle, or gossip's bridle, was neither more nor less than a muzzle. It was in general use in Great Britain from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, and in Scotland as well women were muzzled for certain offenses, some at least of them more imaginary than real. The instrument of torture, even a dog's leather muzzle, is uncomfortable; how much more the scold's muzzle? It consisted, according to a high authority, Mr. W. Jewitt, of a kind of crown or framework of iron, which was locked upon the head, and it was armed in front with a gag, a plate or a sharp cutting knife or point, which was placed in the poor woman's mouth so as to prevent her moving her tongue, or it was so placed that if she did move it or attempt to speak it was cut in a most frightful manner. With this cage up on her head and with the gag firmly pressed and locked against her tongue the miserable creature, whose sole offending perhaps was that she raised her voice in defense of her social rights against a brutal and besotted husband or had spoken honest truth of some one high in office in her town, was paraded through the streets, led by a chain by the hand of a bellman, the beadle or the constable or chained to the pillory, the whipping post or market cross, to be subjected to every conceivable insult and degradation, without even the power left her of asking for mercy or of promising amendment for the future, and when the punishment was over she was turned out from the town hall or the place where the brutal punishment had been inflicted, undone, disfigured, bleeding, faint and degraded, to be the subject of comment, and jeering among her neighbors and to be reviled by her persecutors.—Fireside Magazine.

EGG LORE.

Eggs constitute the most universal human food of animal origin.

Plover eggs are esteemed a great delicacy in England and Germany.

The flavor of eggs may be influenced by the food eaten by laying hens.

Hens' eggs have a white or brown color, but ducks' eggs are bluish white.

Hens' and ducks' eggs are commonly offered in our market, but turkey eggs are seldom eaten.

In Virginia gulls' eggs are commonly eaten, and in Texas the eggs of terns and herons are gathered along the coast.

Turtle eggs are highly prized in countries where they are abundant and, though once commonly eaten in America, are now seldom offered.

On an average a hen's egg is two and a quarter inches long and one and three-quarter inches wide at the broadest point and weighs two ounces.

Recent official government figures show that eggs and poultry in the eastern states constitute from one-twelfth to one-sixth of the total value of all farm products.

Cures For Insomnia.

To an overworked little woman who suffers from insomnia an old doctor delivered himself as follows:

"Shun all the devices one hears so much about, such as counting up to 5,000. They are maddening. Never take night baths if their action is too stimulating. Go in for a few physical exercises, including deep breathing. After the exercises walk backward on tiptoe round the room until forty or fifty steps have been taken. When in bed, relax the body completely. Take long, slow, deep breaths, and if you must think of something imagine yourself surrounded and supported by a soft, strong, gray cloud which is bearing you off to slumberland. Drinking a glass of warm milk just before retiring sometimes hasteus the trip."—New York Press.

Queer Looking Worms.

New Zealand, Australia, the Samoan and the Solomon islands as well as portions of the Hawaiian group are the homes of various species of worms with thick, heavy bodies and with a well defined neck connecting the body with a head that is a startling reminder of that of the monkey. In the Sandwich Islands they are called "me-ta-luk-li," which means "creeper with a child's head." An old New Zealand legend says that at one time they were of immense proportions and threatened the extinction of all human life on the islands.

The Old Man's Snake Story.

"And you say the snake was fifteen feet long?"

"Well, suh, he looked dat long w'en he stretched his full length ter strike me."

"But—a snake never strikes unless he's in coil."

"Marse Tom," said the old man, "we better end dis conversation right whar it is. Either I'm a nachul bo'n liar or long drinkin' hez made you a tust class authority on snakes!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Only One Bar.

"Yes, I think he'd be a poet if it were not for one thing."

"What's that?"

"He isn't rich enough to be able to indulge in unprofitable pleasures."

"But poets are often poor."

"Well, he isn't poor enough to be utterly discouraged either."—Chicago Post.

Sympathy.

"Oh, let me like a soldier die!" exclaimed the leading man of the barnstormers.

"Oh, if I only had a gun!" exclaimed some one in the gallery in a tone that savored of genuine sympathy.—Chicago News.

A Poor Relation.

Professor—Can you see any relation between these triangles?

Student—Yes, sir; that middle triangle's a poor one.—Columbia Jester.

The genuine attar of roses, like the best olive oil, will freeze, affording proof of its purity.

A Terrifying Hat.

When the French artist Benjamin Constant was traveling in Morocco he was invited by the sultan to present himself at court at Fez. The New York Staats Zeitung says that the painter's first thought was in regard to his costume.

"Court" in Europe was one thing; in Morocco it was likely to prove something different. There was nothing to do, however, but to wear his ordinary evening clothes. He was ignorant of the fact that the Moors look upon black garments as very vulgar, and it was only after his arrival that he learned his mistake.

The courtiers smiled openly; worst of all, they sneered. The painter was a man of hasty temper, and suddenly, nettled by their insolence, he closed his opera hat and sprung it open in the faces of the jeering crowd. They scattered, yelling with surprise and fear.

The sultan heard the noise and demanded the cause. After he had seen and examined the wonderful hat he gave this oracular opinion:

"If I had lived a hundred years in your country and adopted all your other customs I could never have brought myself to set on my head so hideous a contrivance as that!"

One Recommendation.

The members of a political party in a certain county were holding a convention to nominate a candidate for treasurer. The leading aspirant was a man who had formerly been noted as a baseball player. He had made a great record as a batsman, but was notoriously slow in running bases.

The man who had placed him in nomination made a speech eulogizing him as a man and a citizen. He was followed by others in the same vein, and things seemed to be going smoothly enough when one of the delegates rose and said:

"Mr. Chairman, are good men so scarce that we have to choose a baseball player for the most important office in the county, involving the handling of hundreds of thousands of dollars?"

"Mr. Chairman," replied the original mover, "it is true that the candidate I have mentioned was a ball player, but let me ask you Mr. Chairman, is there a man here who ever saw him steal even a base?"

Diseases of the Seasons.

Physicians say that certain diseases follow the changing seasons with almost clockwork regularity. Thus acute rheumatism prevails from February till April, inflammations of the lungs from March till May, stomach and intestinal complaints in August and cholera from August to October. On this basis some hygienists classify diseases into summer, fall, winter and spring diseases. This classification is supported by many facts which show that weather changes really exert powerful influences upon health and disease. To cope successfully with these changes and their harmful influences daily exercise in the open air in all kinds of weather and at all seasons of the year is the best preparation. This toughens the system and is at once prevention and cure.

Blood Bargaining.

A repellent scene took place before the bey of Tunis recently. It was the bloodletting for a man's life in the presence of the victim. He was an Arab who had slain a rival in love and was sentenced to die, when, almost at the hour fixed for execution, the murdered man's father offered to treat, according to the Koran, for the price of blood. The bargaining was conducted in the boy's presence, but, as the murderer's family would not go beyond 124 to save him, the doomed man, after a gleam of hope, was led to the gallows and hanged.

Dealings in Graves.

Cemetery shares continue to be quite a market feature in Scotland and are actively dealt in on the Edinburgh Stock Exchange. Apparently they appeal to the curious nature of the canny Scot, who doubtless reasons that in such a holding he has a security which is not likely to vanish and that if the worst comes to the worst he will never need to come on the parish for a grave.—London Financial News.

The Key to Success.

"Advertising pays" has come to be an axiom of modern methods. The business man who tries to be successful without it is tempting fate instead of fortune. The American nation today is recognized abroad as the greatest industrial and commercial proposition in the world, and the American nation spends $250,000,000 annually in advertising its business.—Rochester Herald.

Internal Economy.

Two years ago a Polander out on Nubbin ridge swallowed a grain of wheat. Last week he was attacked with a fit of coughing and coughed up a fifty pound sack of flour and 100 pounds of bran. Truth is mighty and will prevail.—Hartford Day Spring.

English.

"That's rather a sizable hoss you're drivin'," said the man from Tennessee.

"Yes, he is right smart of a critter," replied the man from Georgia.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Bad Start.

"I guess," said the naturally weary young man, "I was meant to be a millionaire, but started on a line where they don't give transfers."—Baltimore American.

A Change.

Mrs. Brown—So you were out again last night, eh?

Brown—No; I was in, and I'll give you $10 for your share.—Detroit Free Press.

If you have built castles in the air your work need not be lost. That is where they should be. Now put foundations under them.—Thoreau.

Great hearts are full of sympathy, and what man does not need the sympathy and support of his fellow men?—Schoolmaster.

His Time Was Not Up.

A man of a mercenary spirit had several sons one of whom was on the eve of his twenty-first birthday. The father had always been a strict disciplinarian, keeping his boys well under parental charge, allowing them few liberties and making them work hard.

It was with a feeling of considerable satisfaction that the young man rose on the morning of his birthday and began to collect his personal belongings preparatory to starting out in the world.

The farmer, seeing his son packing his trunk, which he rightly judged to be evidence of the early loss of a good farm hand, stopped at the door of the young man's room and asked what he was going to do.

The boy very promptly reminded his father of the day of the month and the year and declared his intention of striking out in the world on his own account.

"Not much you won't," shouted the old man, "at least not for awhile yet! You weren't born until after 12 o'clock, so you can just take off them good clothes and fix to give me another half day's work down in the potato patch."

Water In the Kalahari Desert.

The bushmen in the Kalahari desert often live scores of miles from places where water comes to the surface. During a certain part of the year sharp storms pass over the Kalahari, covering the apparently arid region with the brightest of verdure and filling for a few short days the water courses with roaring torrents. The bushmen know how to find water by digging in the bottoms of these dried up river beds. They dig a hole three or four feet deep and then tie a sponge to the end of a hollow reed. The sponge absorbs the moisture at the bottom of the hole, and the natives draw it into their mouths through the reed and then empty it into calabashes for future use.

The animals that inhabit such wastes as the Kalahari are of course accustomed to living upon very small and infrequent supplies of water. The Bechuana do not lead their cattle to the drinking places oftener than once in two or three days. It is said that goats in the Kalahari frequently pass months without water.

"Blue Hen's Chickens."

Everybody knows that natives of Delaware are called "Blue Hen's Chickens," but not one in a hundred can tell you why they are so called. The epithet is said to have had its origin in the following:

One of Delaware's most gallant fighters in the war of the Revolution was a Captain Caldwell, who was notorious for his fondness for cockfighting. He drilled his men admirably, they being known throughout the army as "Caldwell's Gamecocks."

This same Caldwell held to the peculiar theory that no cock was really game unless its mother was a game hen.

As the months wore away Caldwell's men became known as the "Blue Hen's Chickens," a title which only increased their respect for the old gamecock captain. The nickname became famous and after the close of the war was applied indiscriminately to all natives of the Diamond State.

Fate's Ironies.

Fate at times works some strange ironies.

Mr. McHugh, an Irish member of parliament, some years ago brought forward a bill for the amendment of the law relating to contempt of court in Ireland and was soon afterward sentenced to three months' imprisonment for that offense. Mr. McHugh's bill was sent to him in proof form while he was undergoing his sentence and revised in Kilmainham jail.

Two convicts were executed at the Ichigaya prison in Japan, and one of them as he ascended the guillotine remarked that he had built it himself while serving a sentence for larceny two years before.

A few years ago a story came from a town in Staffordshire, England, of a man who took his dog to the river to drown it in order to save the expense of a license, but slipped and was drowned himself, while the dog returned home.

Possible Origin of a Phrase.

There is an amusing story by Athenæus which suggests the possible origin of the phrase, "He does not know enough to come in out of the wet."

According to the entertaining grammarian referred to, a town in Greece under stress of evil circumstances borrowed money from a rich man, who took as security for the loan a mortgage on the handsome portico which surrounded the market place. He was not an ungenerous creditor, for when it rained he caused the town criers to announce that the citizens had permission to take refuge under the colonnade. Strangers visiting the town who failed to have the matter properly explained to them were so impressed by the extraordinary circumstances that they spread abroad the report that the people were so stupid that they had to be told when to come in out of the wet.

The Kangaroo's Kick.

When a big "old man" kangaroo stiffens his tail and converts it into a sort of revolving pivot bearing the whole weight of his body, leaving his tremendously powerful legs free for attack and defense, everybody who does not want to be ripped up or thrown in a heap for a considerable distance will give the marsupial a wide berth. Only those who have seen the full grown kangaroo in his native Australian bush with his back to a tree, scattering dogs, bleeding and torn, right and left, can form any adequate idea of the prodigious strength the animal is capable of exerting when he finds himself in a tight corner. Kangaroos are now getting scarce in the southern parts of Australia, but they are still pretty numerous in the thinly populated north.

Proof.

Mother—Why, my child, that little hurt couldn't possibly have made your knee so stiff as that!

Little Lizzie—Yes, it did too. Just you try to bend it and see if I don't scream.—Baltimore American.

Byron D. Hamlin. John Forrest.

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HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,

Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.

This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

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TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,

KANE - - PA.

This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.

First-class accommodations for the traveling public.

M. B. PIERCE, Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.

C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

CHADWICK HOUSE,

D. H. McDONALD, Proprietor.

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First-class in every respect

Well supplied Bar.

Reasonable Rates.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.

125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,

CLERMONT, PENNA.

This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

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The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

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Chas. Lemmler,

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MODERN PHARMACY.

Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, sciedtific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

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we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

J. W. Voorhees,

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ARE YOU BUILDING ?

A new house or repairing an old one? If you are we have everything you need and would like to give you prices.

CEMENT,

LIME,

WALL PLASTER,

BRICK,

DOORS, WINDOWS, &C.,

LUMBER,

SEWER PIPE, LAND TILE,

SHINGLES AND ALL THE REST.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 4, 1903

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Bell Bros. tell you what to give the bride in their advertisement this week.

—Two graduates of Warner's Business College took first class positions on June 1st.

—"Bob" Gaskin's ball team will meet the Mt. Alton team on the Nelson street grounds this afternoon.

—Newerf has several cases of scarlet fever. Two houses there are under quarantine regulations.

—The Port Allegany Reporter is 29 years old and is just as bright, interesting and newsy as any of its neighbors.

—Summer term of Warner's Business College begins June 8 at Bradford. Commercial shorthand and all the common branches.

—Work has been commenced on the extension of the Olean trolley line to Shingle House. It is expected that cars will be running by September 1st.

—Nanundah park is now open to the public. Mr. Gleason has made the park a very attractive place and it affords much enjoyment to the people of Smethport.

—The Christian Endeavor Society of the Baptist church will serve ice cream, cake and strawberries Saturday evening commencing at five o'clock, in the plumbing shop of Edgar W. Strong, second door from postoffice.

—"How much nicer it is to sit in a carriage and think how much nicer it is to sit in a carriage than it is to walk, than it is to walk and think how much nicer it is to sit in a carriage than it is to walk."—The Bachelor Book.

—A patent medicine vender is making his way through the State and in order to sell his goods gives the names of well known citizens who have used his remedy. It turns out that they didn't and never gave him permission to use their names.

—Women have invaded many lines of employment hitherto thought exclusively masculine. There are shown in the last census 126 women plumbers, 46 plasterers, 107 bricklayers and stonemasons, 241 paperhangers, 1,759 painters and 545 carpenters.

—An act has recently been passed in this State which provides for scholars living in school districts where the higher branches are not taught, attending the high schools in boroughs or cities and the tuition to be paid by the school district in which they reside. This will give those living in rural districts a chance to get a better education at less expense than heretofore.

—Mina, Potter county, had a disastrous fire last week, which did about $30,000 damage. The big general store, depot, Lackawanna Lumber Company's offices the postoffice and five dwelling houses were burned.

—An exchange vouches for the truth of this item: A new use is now being made of old newspapers. They are first shredded, then washed, then steamed, then malted, then rolled, then toasted, coming out at last as a beautiful, appetizing health food.

—Perhaps the youngest couple ever married in the United States has been reported from Owingsville, Ky. Vernon Hatcher, aged 10 years, and Lulu Wyley, aged 9 years, eloped and were married. They were accompanied by a man who vouched for their ages, it is said.

—We understand that the frog law is not being observed in this vicinity. The law says that frogs shall only be killed or taken between July 1 and November 1 and the penalty for killing or taking frogs at any other time is $25 for each and every offense. The game warden will get you if you don't watch out.

—An exchange remarks that persons who occasionally take revenge on a neighbor by administering poison to his dog will now find it advisable to abandon their practice, or else conduct their operations with great secrecy and care. The governor has recently signed a bill making it a misdemeanor punishable by a fine not exceeding $500, or three years' imprisonment, or both, to wilfully and maliciously poison a dog.

—Harry D. Elkes, the bicycle rider, of Glen Falls, N. Y., was killed at Cambridge, Mass., on Saturday last in a race. The rear tire of his wheel bursted and he was thrown in front of a motor, receiving injuries which resulted in his death. At the time of the accident Elkes was well in the lead, having made new world's records for five, ten and fifteen miles. Harry D. Elkes has been prominent, as was his father, in bicycle racing for years, Harry having raced both in America and abroad. He returned from Europe only a few weeks ago and was entered in the circuit representing the Philadelphia track.

Tourist Resorts.

During summer season the Nickel Plate Road will sell special excursion tickets to the famous tourist resorts in the West at very low rates, including Denver, Salt Lake, El Paso and other points in Colorado, Minnesota, Iowa, etc. Inquire of local agents or R. E. Payne Gen'l Agt., 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Vacation Opportunities.

You can now visit almost any of the beautiful western summer resorts at greatly reduced rates via Nickel Plate Road. Do not miss this opportunity to visit the West. Inquire of local agents or R. E. Payne, Gen'l Agt., 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Correspondence

PARMERS VALLEY.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brockham spent Sunday at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Newton Grigsby, of Port Allegany.

Mrs. Mary Pelton and two daughters, Carrie and Kate, of Newerf, were visiting at the home of Mrs. E. A. Smith last Saturday.

Mrs. H. D. Otto and daughter, Miss Lora, were shopping in Smethport last week Wednesday.

Miss Ethel Grigsby of Port Allegany is visiting relatives and friends around this vicinity.

Joseph Mundy of the county seat was calling on relatives in town last Friday.

Patrick Lane of the county seat was seen in our vicinity one day last week.

Mrs. Eugene Mullin of Bradford was seen on our streets one day recently.

N. Smith of Skinner creek spent Sunday with his family in this place.

Ernest Tanner of Bradford was greeting Eas' Valley friends recently.

Mr. Ackerman of Olean was here on a business mission last Thursday.

The Ideal Nurse.

A nurse should never intrude in time of sickness, but always forestall need by her. It is only from a long breath of calm foresight that the doctor, the treatment, the patient's condition, her experience of similar cases and unhesitatingly make her privy to their most personal affairs.

Besides possessing unblemished courage and professional skill a nurse should be prepared to sweep, keep a room in order, arrange flowers, read aloud, write notes, unobtrusively quiet such family jars as might affect her patient. She must understand what to do herself, what should be left to servants, remembering that this will vary in every household. She must be quick to see when her presence is necessary, when she is in the way. She can allow herself no personal habits as to food or hours, no private existence or amusement while on a case, and when the patient is safely through the exciting period of illness she has to settle down with good grace to the toning of convalescence, never resenting the inevitable withdrawal of intimacy as the daily routine of former habit of life and no longer made for the recipient of every thought and emotion.—Mary Sloss in Atlantic.

Buried In Secret.

Two ancient kings were buried in secret. Attila, King of the Huns, after his siege of Rome, died in Hungary A. D. 453. His soldiers, desirous of giving their great leader a right royal burial, inclosed his body first in a casket of gold, this in one of silver and this in one of lead, and transported it into a desert. There slaves were selected, and under the direction of men who were sworn to secrecy they dug the grave of the dead monarch. When this was accomplished the slaves of the spot were left. The slaves were all already slain.

Alaric, king of the Goths, the celebrated conqueror of Rome, died when with his army at Cozenza, south Italy. His men turned the course of a river, interred the body of their sovereign with much treasure, in its bed and restored the stream to its channel.

No man has ever lighted on the resting place of either of these kings, who in this respect resemble Moses, of whom it is written, "No man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day."

Churches In Mexico.

One of the strange things about the churches of Mexico is that none of them is finished. You may travel from one end of Mexico to the other and wherever you go you will find from one to a half dozen workmen doing something to every church. They may be putting on a spire there or a bit of decoration here, but as soon as one part of the building is apparently completed they go to work on another, and, what is more, there is no likelihood that the churches will ever be finished until the laws are changed.

Since the present government came into power the church of Mexico has not been allowed to own property, and such property as it acquired must be held in the names of individuals and is subject to taxation. However, no taxes have to be paid on an unfinished building, and that is why the churches of Mexico are never completed.

A Whistling Oyster.

The proprietor of a London chophouse some years ago made fame and fortune by the discovery of a musical oyster. A distinct whistling sound came from a newly opened barrel of oysters. With eagerness he hunted for the cause and found an oyster which seemed to amuse itself by whistling. The innkeeper advertised it, and hundreds came daily to his hostelry to listen to the musical oyster. In due time the oyster died, and its secret died with it. It is supposed that the sound was caused by the inspiration and expiration of air through a tiny hole in the shell. To this day the inn is known as "The Whistling Oyster."

The Subject He Liked Best.

"You talk well on the subject in which you are most interested," said the impertinent girl.

"And what is that?" said the man, smelling a compliment.

"Yourself," said the impertinent girl demurely.

"It"

Is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

He Knew What It Was.

A certain minister, while passing down the village street, observed one of his parishioners seated at his cottage door supping his broth.

Thinking this an unusual proceeding, he stopped and asked him what was the matter.

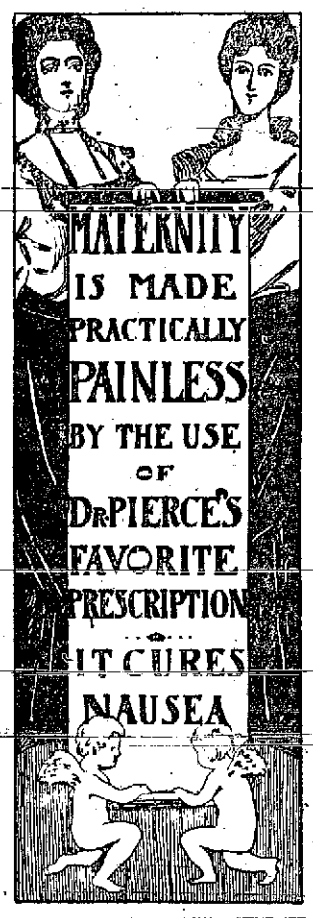
"Oh," replied John, "the chimley is reeking a bit, so I cam' outside to sup ma broth. We had better gan in and gie the missus a bit gliegh about it."

The minister had scarcely opened the door when a female voice exclaimed, "Is that thee agyen, thee awd rascal?" And the minister's hat was crushed over his eyes with a stool.

Without making a remark the minister closed the door and, stepping up to where John sat, said solemnly, "John, our chimney at home smokes sometimes too."

The Seven Sleepers

The Seven Sleepers were seven noble youths of Ephesus, who in the time of the Decian persecutions, it is said, fled to a certain cavern for refuge. They were pursued, discovered and walled in the cave, the perpetrators of the deed hoping to mete out a cruel and horrible death. However, according to the legend, they were made to fall asleep and were miraculously kept alive for nearly two centuries. Their names are given as Maximian, Malchus, Martinian, Dionis, John, Serapion and Constantine.



THE FAMOUS.

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

This Week

We will capture the men who will surrender us the sum of

$10.00

for elegant suits of clothes which would be cheap at $15.00, and

$3.50

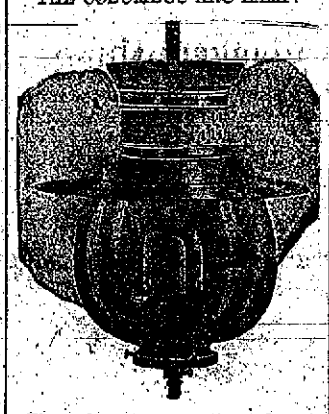
for **WALKOVER SHOES.**

None better for double the price.

Your Money's Worth or Your Money Back.

Wm. Monheimer.

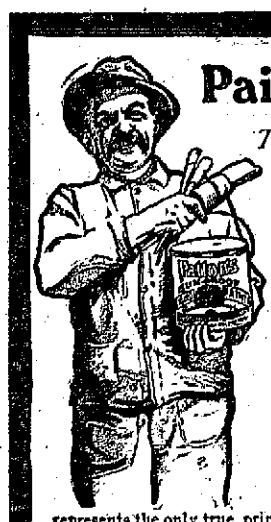
THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES, RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.



Paint Values

The practical painter says, Patton's Sun-Proof Paint is cheap paint for a good house because it lasts twice as long. It's good paint for a cheap house because it beautifies and preserves it.

Patton's SUN-PROOF Paint

represents the only true principle of scientific paint making, combining the highest degree of beauty with the greatest covering capacity and durability. It is a dependable paint. It does not lose its lustre. It does not peel, crack or chalk off. Guaranteed to wear five years. Send for book of Paint Knowledge and Advice (free) to

PATTON PAINT CO., Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR SALE BY

J. C. HAMLIN, Smethport, Pa.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right. We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of C. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,

Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block. SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Brasted's ICE CREAM By the DISH, QUART or GALLON.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1 45 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1 00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. One cash position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5 00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3 00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 4, 1903.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

STATE TREASURER.
WILLIAM L. MATTHEWS,
of Delaware County.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES,
THOMAS A MORRISON,
of McKean county.
JOHN J. HENDERSON,
of Crawford county.

COUNTY.

PRESIDENT JUDGE,
JOSEPH W. BOUTON,
of Smethport.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
WALTER OSTRANDER,
of Liberty township.

IN Philadelphia 75,000 textile workers went out on a strike last Monday morning. They are striking for a reduction from 60 to 55 hours per week.

JUDGE THOS. A. MORRISON, our Republican candidate for the Superior Court bench, is receiving much deserved praise from all parts of the State as to his fitness and ability to fill the position to which he aspires.

OF course Ohio is for Roosevelt next year. This State has no candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination. Besides President Roosevelt is deserving the unwavering support of Republicans of Ohio and every other State.—Toledo Blade.

THE town of Malazguerd, in Armenia, has been destroyed by an earthquake and two thousand persons killed, including several hundred Armenians and four hundred soldiers in the garrison. A number of houses in neighboring villages also collapsed. Hundreds of domestic animals were killed. The shock was felt in Constantinople but no damage resulted there.

MAYOR WEAVER of Philadelphia is being severely criticised by the newspapers of that city for the position he has taken in rapid transit matters. It appears that he has played into the hands of the street railway monopoly in such a way that the people of Philadelphia will suffer many years more for want of sufficient cars and car lines to take care of the business.

THE first suit brought under the new libel law has been instituted at Pottsville. A councilman brings it against a local newspaper which charged him with having been identified with an alleged boodling scheme. The damages wrought through mental suffering on the part of the prosecutor is put at $5,000. Now we will soon find out whether or not this libel law will stand the trial.

THE postoffice scandal developments are catching many. So far the following is the record: A. W. Machen, superintendent of the free delivery division, suspended, removed, arrested on charge of bribery. Daniel V. Miller, assistant attorney for the Postoffice Department, removed and arrested on charges of bribery and conspiracy. James N. Tyner, assistant attorney general for the Postoffice Department, summarily removed. George A. O. Christiandy, assistant attorney for the Postoffice Department, suspended, pending investigation. George W. Beavers, superintendent of the division of salaries and allowances, resigned while under investigation. John M. Johns, an Indiana lawyer, arrested on charge of conspiracy in connection with Miller's case. D. B. Groff, Washington business man, arrested on charge of conspiracy with Machen in bribery. Samuel A. Groff, a Washington policeman, arrested on charge of conspiracy with Machen in bribery.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 1, 1903.

It is doubtful if a greater compliment was ever paid to a President than that implied by the generous endorsement of President Roosevelt's candidacy to succeed himself. Fifteen states, represented by 450 votes in the national convention, have already endorsed, in state convention, the candidacy of Mr. Roosevelt, and the action of the Ohio convention, which is assured, will add 46 votes to the total number. There will be 985 votes in the national convention, so that 493 will be required to nominate. The states which have already declared for Mr. Roosevelt are Alabama, Arkansas, Connecticut, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Missouri, Minnesota, New York, Rhode Island, Texas, Utah, Washington, Illinois and Pennsylvania. Ohio will add its endorsement this week and the following have pledged their support through their state chairmen: California, Michigan, Maine, Tennessee, Kentucky, Colorado, Wyoming, Wisconsin, Idaho, Oregon, New Hampshire, Vermont, Maryland, West Virginia, Nebraska and Montana. These will add 290 votes to the number, making a grand total of 730 votes, or 237 more than enough to nominate, pledged to President Roosevelt more than a year in advance of the nominating convention.

The clearing of the political situation, the acquiescence of Senator Hanna to the inevitable, following the President's bold and characteristic announcement that he who is not with me is against me have all combined to constitute an incident which is the occasion of the greatest satisfaction to the President's friends as it has demonstrated his wide spread popularity beyond all question. The reluctance of shrewd Democratic politicians to permit the use of their names in Presidential possibilities is also regarded as a most encouraging sign, as it clearly indicates that the next Democratic candidate will, in their opinion, be but a vicarious sacrifice on the altar of Democratic harmony.

Representative John A. T. Hull of the Seventh Iowa district, has just arrived in Washington and he assures your correspondent that there is not a trace of factionalism left in the Republican ranks in Iowa. Senator Allison, "the great pacificator," has drafted the tariff plank which will be submitted to the convention and has shown it to representatives of every shade of tariff opinion in the State and it meets with the approval of all. The clause which refers to "the shelter of monopoly" had been eliminated, but that which proclaims the propriety of revising the schedules from time to time, as changing conditions warrant, is retained. Mr Hull is on his way to West Point, as he is a member of the Congressional committee selected to visit the military academy.

The most startling and sensational development in the postoffice scandal has occurred within the past week. August W. Machen, general superintendent of free delivery, has been dismissed for malfeasance in office, has been arrested, charged with accepting a bribe estimated at $22,000, and has been released on bail to the amount of $30,000. The arrest of Machen breaks the ring which has long looted the government through postoffice channels, believing themselves secure because of the political influence which they had created by a lavish use of the federal funds. Other and almost as sensational arrests are promised in the near future and it is believed the end is now in sight. The detection of Machen's criminality was accomplished by what Postmaster General Payne describes as the cleverest piece of detective work in his experience. No word was breathed to any official by Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow regarding the trail which the inspectors had struck until the chain of evidence was complete and Machen had virtually broken down under the searching catechising to which he had been subjected by Bristow and his assistants. The facts were then laid before the postmaster general who signed the required request for a warrant for Machen's arrest.

The credit for the present investigation is due to Robert J. Wynne, first assistant postmaster general and a personal appointee of President Roosevelt. Mr. Wynne long ago discovered that affairs in the division of free delivery were not properly conducted and so reported to the President and the Postmaster General. Mr. Bristow was then ordered to begin the present investigation and the Postmaster General is loud in his praises of the thorough manner in which Mr. Bristow has conducted this difficult and delicate undertaking. As far back as last December the Washington Times preferred grave charges against Machen and other officials of the Postoffice Department. The Star, another local publication, repudiated the charges and strong influence secured the dropping of the subject by the Times. The Star, it may be remarked, is the owner of an office building in which the Postoffice Department is an extensive and generous tenant. In January the President learned some of the facts and ordered the investigation which has already resulted in removing a number of unworthy officials from the postal service.

Great interest attaches to a rumor that Senator Quay is about to retire from active politics. The rumor was received with little credence until it became known that Mr. Quay had absented himself from the state convention and had permitted Senator Penrose to be elected state chairman. The convention enthusiastically endorsed President Roosevelt and the policy of protection.

The President has taken a step likely to promote good feeling between the United States and Germany by ordering that the European fleet proceed to Kiel to participate in the great naval regatta to be held there in June. This action of the President will, it is believed, disarm that section of the German press which has been diligent in its protestations that the United States had spurned the friendly advance of the Kaiser on every possible occasion. It will be remembered that the President was obliged to decline the invitation extended for the visit of the North Atlantic squadron to Kiel some time ago.

A Marvelous Growth

is taking place in the West; this is the time to see it at its best. You can also take advantage of the many low rates now in effect via Nickel Plate Road to points all through the West. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Gen'l Agt., 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Cornell, Sun Proof and McDougall's white leads. Strictly pure linseed oils, turpentines, dryers, etc., at Redfield's Hardware.

House for rent. Inquire of Mrs. A. M. Fuller.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE
BELL BROS.

June--The Month of Brides

What to give—That is the question.

This store is an ideal place in which to select gifts. Our numerous Depts. are now quite complete with exquisite things that have been collected for this month of weddings; as to prices, we know they are right for the quality of merchandise offered. Your critical comparison most heartily welcomed. Hundreds of nice pieces of durable Furniture. Nothing more practical or lasting than a gift like this.

RUGS.

Always acceptable; large assortment of all sizes, and from a Carpet Dept. with an established record.

Bric-a-Brac	Pillows
Vases	Lace Curtains
Bedding	Linens.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of Southwestern New York

J. COLEGROVE.

Just received a Case of the celebrated Black Cat hose. All sizes 15 and 25c. They will outwear any hose on the market selling at same price.

Try Polo Soap. 10 cakes for 25c.

Try Peanut Butter for a sandwich.

Try Chase & Sanborn's Teas and Coffees.

We have the largest bottle of Ice Olives in town.

New York State Potatoes, no sprouts, no bad ones, all nice eatable and mealy, 75c bushel.

F. S. Flour gives best satisfaction as a bread maker. Try it.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W. DICKERSON.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Fancy Prices Trampled Underfoot.

at our store. No matter how tempted we never allow profits to exceed what is reasonable. That is why our

FOOTWEAR

is sold at such remarkably low prices.

Our standard of value is regulated by ourselves. It is the highest in this town. We sell

Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes

at prices which cannot be duplicated.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, - Pa.

L. K. Hogarth

has an elegant new line of fine soap at low prices.

CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS.

SOMETHING NEW IN STATIONERY

We know how to make and serve the most delicious drinks. We are sole agents for the famous Warren I X L Ice Cream.

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL	$200,000.00
SURPLUS	$30 000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

$10 IF $10

YOU WANT A
10 DOLLAR SUIT

We want to say to you that uncommon Suits for Ten Dollars is our kind.

They are perfect fitting, well tailored suits, such as any man might wear with dignity—suits that are satisfactory the very first time they are put on, and that continue to satisfy till they're worn out.

We've a Ten Dollar line that includes All Wool Serges, Cheviots, Scotches and Cassimeres in plain colors, handsome mixtures and patterns. Try one on if you like—we shall not insist upon your buying.

It is easy to match the price of these suits but not so easy to match the quality at the price.

H. W. RUBIN.

TERHUNE UNION-MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILOR, CLOTHIER & FURNISHER.

$10 SMETHPORT, PA. $10

Discounts Better Than Trading Stamps.

Desiring to reduce my stock as much as possible for the next few weeks have decided to sell my groceries for cash prices and give a discount to my customers of 5 per cent from same on bills amounting to more than $1.00.

On all other goods in my store, including dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, caps, ribbons, notions, draperies, underwear, etc., I will give a discount of 10 per cent on all bills amounting to $1.00 and over.

When purchasing do not fail to ask for discounts as you will be entitled to same until further notice.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., April 27, 1903.

New Spring AND Summer Patterns

We wish to call your attention to our new line of Patterns for Spring and Summer

SUITS, OVERCOATS and TROUSERS.

Nearly all are one pattern pieces and our variety this year is larger than ever before. The fit style and workmanship are absolutely guaranteed. CALL AND SEE THEM.

Shillenn & Torrence,

The Leading Tailors

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

New Spring Hats Are Here.

Every kind you can think of. The newest and swellest styles at lowest prices. We have also the Celebrated Dunlap Hat now open. Do not forget this is the leading Hat in the United States and the best Hat in the world. Nobby Spring Neckwear, Shirts and Hosiery in endless variety.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

There is Something Doing.

Our stock for the spring doin's is complete. We can furnish your house or office in better shape and for less money than the small dealers.

We please where others fail

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

SOLE AGENCY
Queen Quality Shoes.

Our STANDARD PATTERN Dept. is now showing patterns for June.

HIGH CLASS MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

An Interesting Special Sale.

Many of our customers know by experience that the muslin underwear bearing the Galland Bros.' trade mark is always good, well-wearing, well fitting. We have sold it long enough to know its worth. Our special offerings for this week are all of Galland Bros.' goods bought at special low prices.

Just one-third below usual prices.

The goods are precisely the some in quality, style and finish as those in regular stock at regulat prices. We are simplp turning over our saving to our customers.

Night Gowns from 43c to $1.19. Petticoats from 39c to $1.48.
Corset Covers from 17c to $1.19. Drawers from 23c to $1.19.

See our west window display.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

PLOWS. PLOWS. PLOWS.

We handle exclusively the Munnsville Plows. For flat hand work we highly recommend the celebrated Oneida Valley Clipper No. 1. The Munnsville No. 14 for a side hill plow is the best, although we sell a great many of that old reliable, The Rough & Ready. These plows have been sold in this town for a number of years and have many friends all over the county who know what they are and will tell you for quality and work they have no equal. We have yet to hear of a dissatisfied user of a Munnsville Plow. Call and see them at

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 4, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Orlo J. Hamlin has purchased a handsome saddle horse.

—There were 69 graduates from the Bradford high school this year.

—Mrs. Myron Terwilliger lies dangerously ill at her home in this place.

—Despite efforts to check it small-pox has spread to several sections of Potter county.

—Mrs. H. L. McCoy, who has been seriously ill for several days past, is better this morning.

—The 37th Encampment, G. A. R., Department of Pennsylvania, was held at Allentown this week.

—H. W. Rubin has a new advertisement in this issue which should interest those who wish to dress well for little money.

—Cooked food will be sold at Hussey's meat market by the Methodist ladies Saturday, June 6, beginning at 2:30 in the afternoon.

—Sir Thomas Lipton and his boats are on the way to the United States for the great yacht races which will be sailed in the near future.

—A large party of Smethport young people attended the Gifford-Ryan wedding at Kane last night. A special train was run back to this place for their accommodation.

—Alfred Sturdvient and family wish to express their sincere thanks to the many friends who showed them so much kindness during the illness and death of their beloved wife and mother.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday (Trinity Sunday) the services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p m. Special musical services will be arranged for the evening services during the summer.

—We are in receipt of an invitation to the commencement exercises of Dickinson School of Law which will be held Tuesday evening, June 9. Victor Burdette Bouton of this place graduates on this occasion.

—The State Educational Association at Wilkesbarre offers an exceptionally strong program this year and will have additional attractions in the way of entertainments, excursions, etc. Teachers should make a note of it.

—Warren Peterson was arrested in Smethport and taken to Tioga county Tuesday morning. It is alleged that Peterson in making a sale of his old stand at Island Park misrepresented certain property and rights which, it is said, he claimed to have. The prosecutor is a resident of Tioga county.

Mrs. Kate Taylor of Monticello, N. Y., who has been convicted of murdering her husband, will be electrocuted at Clinton prison during the week of July 6th. There are five others in that prison who will be electrocuted that week.

—"The Our-Populating Power of Christian Peoples," is the Rev. Gaylard Patterson's subject for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. "Swearing," is the subject for the evening service which will begin at eight o'clock.

—Rev. P. S. Calvin's subject next Sunday morning will be "Our Father's Forgiveness." Evening subject, "What is it to be a Christian?" All evening services at the Baptist church during the months of June and July will begin at 8 o'clock.

—The citizens of Bradford voted against the purchase of the Douglass dam for $30,000 on Tuesday in a very decisive manner. Every precinct was strongly against the purchase and the total vote was 1,160 against and 216 for the purchase.

—Mrs. Silas Bush extends her heartfelt appreciation to Miss Julia Lanthier and Mr. Ferdinand Rosello for their beautiful gift of a white cross, in floral design, encased within a glass globe. This was presented as a memorial to her son, the late Lewis R. Bush.

—Roy Gifford gave a bachelor dinner to the members of the Order of Frogs at the Hotel Imperial Tuesday evening, which was hugely enjoyed by all who attended. Mr. Gifford was the recipient of many presents from his brother Frogs which are both useful and ornamental.

—"Bob" Gaskin took a team of juvenile base ball players to Mt. Alton last Thursday. It is said Bob's team met a much older and heavier aggregation and were defeated by a score of 13 to 3. Some of our small boys can play ball and they are ready to meet any team in this county of their age and size.

—A well-known Smethport lady who is noted for her deeds of kindness, purchased a large number of blossoming plants last week and planted them upon graves in Rose Hill cemetery. A number of former Smethport residents have loved ones buried there and the lady made it her duty to look after these mounds dear to the hearts of distant relatives.

—Scarlet fever has made its appearance in town and one house is under quarantine regulations, that of F. S. Albertson on Main street. The three children of Mr. and Mrs. Albertson have this disease in a mild form. They were stricken on Friday last and the strictest quarantine regulations have been observed. No other cases have been reported and it is hardly probable that there will be any more. All of the little sufferers are improving rapidly and the quarantine will be removed in a few days.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Young gave a very pleasant surprise party to a large number of young people at the home house last Thursday evening, in honor of the birthday of their daughter, Miss Lola. Mrs. H. C. Wells furnished music for the dancing and light refreshments were served. All enjoyed themselves until a late hour and the wishes were many that Miss Young would see many happy returns of the day.

—A bottle blower named Ramsey, who was employed in the Haines factory last year and part of the present fire, committed suicide at Newark, N. J., recently. It is reported that Ramsey entered a bar room in that city and called for a glass of water. Bystanders noticed that he poured something into the glass. He drank the contents and expired soon after. It is thought that laudanum was the poison taken.

—The dance given by the high school orchestra at the Lyceum Tuesday evening was a success in every way. A good sized crowd attended and everybody had a good time. Our high school orchestra is making very gratifying progress in a musical way. This organization is now capable of playing most any kind of orchestra music satisfactorily and it is no longer necessary to import music for dancing parties, etc. Give the home musicians a chance.

—Rose Hill cemetery never looked better than it did last Saturday. N. D. and Samuel Ramer, who have charge of the cemetery deserve much credit for their untiring work in making this spot so beautiful. We have been informed that for a small amount of money good water could be piped to the cemetery, both for drinking and sprinkling purposes. This would be a great benefit and an effort should be made to have water piped to the cemetery.

—The marriage of Mr. Adam E. Rose of Song Bird to Miss Lillian Phoenix was solemnized at noon yesterday at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Phoenix, at Degolia in the presence of a small number of relatives and immediate friends of the contracting parties. Rev. Robinson performed the nuptial rites. After a brief wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Rose will take up their residence at Song Bird, says this morning's Bradford Era. The bride has many friends here who extend congratulations.

—An Olean dispatch dated June 2, says: This evening at 8 o'clock fire started in the barn located in the rear of the City Club house on North street. This barn was destroyed and the flames spread to the Olean livery stable, located nearby. This structure was also destroyed. Horses which were in the barn were rescued. Two small barns belonging to George Van Campen were burned and Mayer Bros.' cold storage building was gutted. The flames were in dangerous proximity to the Olean House but that building was saved, although damaged $1,000 worth. The firemen had ten streams on the burning buildings and by their efforts succeeded in saving much valuable property which had been endangered. The total loss is estimated at $35,000.

A Local Legend.

Under the above caption a correspondent who signs "H." published the following in last week's Friendship Register, which is remarkable if true:

The first grave in the Angelica cemetery was that of Ira Stevens, killed September 20, 1808. There is a current story connected with his death which we relate below.

On the day of the murder Mr. Stevens was playing cards in the Exchange hotel at that time owned by a Mr. Welson. During the game a dispute arose between Stevens and another player, Seth Rogers. The dispute ended by Stevens accusing Rogers of cheating, at which Rogers struck Stevens with an elm cane instantly killing him.

The murderer was brought to trial at Batavia and for some reason released.

As the story runs the cane was buried with the murdered man and from that grew the tree which at present stands on the center of the grave. It is also said that each year on the anniversary of his death the bark of the tree turns red, as a constant reminder that the penalty for the deed was never paid.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending May 30, 1903:

Ernest Benner, Jorge W. Johnson, Hugh R. Sackett, Sall Shoup, John Sylie, J. C. Schnell, George Smith.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Wanted—District Manager for McKean and surrounding counties to represent an up-to-date old line life insurance company. Address, P. O. Box 4, Erie, Penn.

Call up Elwood Gaskin when you want any fruit or green goods. Bell 'phone.

Spring and Summer Goods

ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL IN MILLINERY.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co'o,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

PERSONAL MENTION.

R. P. Yerdon of Kane was in town this week.

Miss May Choate is visiting friends in Buffalo this week.

Dan McCarty of Mt. Jewett is doing jury duty this week.

A. Hagadorn of Lafayette was a caller at this office Tuesday.

Will Fry spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents in Buffalo.

J. B. Oviatt of Norwich was a caller at the MINER office yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave McCarty of Mt. Jewett visited in town on Sunday.

Misses Helen McCoy and Janet Hamlin were Bradford visitors Monday.

Frank Stranburg of Colegrove was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Camp returned Monday from a visit to Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Minnie Hibbard of Hazelhurst visited Smethport friends last Thursday.

Miss Edith Shoemaker of Buffalo was the guest of friends in town over Sunday.

Mrs. J. F. Olmstead and daughter of Crestline, Ohio, are visiting relatives in town.

Miss Anna Powell returned home on Sunday from a visit to Port Allegany friends.

Harry Brown of Mt. Jewett was the guest of friends in town Thursday and Friday.

The Misses Hussey of DuBois are visiting friends and relatives in Smethport and vicinity.

Mrs. L. M. Rice and sons of Angelica, N. Y., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Henderson.

Miss Anna Barry of Johnsonburg was the guest of Miss Bessie Hussey the latter part of last week.

Dr. and Mrs. W. R. Gibson of Bradford are guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Knapp, this week.

Mrs. Bert Leete of Smethport is visiting at the home of her parents, H. E. Thurber and wife.—Bolivar Breeze.

Miss Lula Pancoast, who has been visiting in Batavia, N. Y., for some months past, has returned to her home in Smethport.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Laley of Bradford are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Knapp. Mr. Laley was in attendance at court as a grand juror.

Mrs. H. D. Barber went to Smethport yesterday to remain for some time. Her husband is employed there as engineer on the P., S. & N. construction train.—Bolivar Breeze.

Lew Pierson, a well-known employe of the P., S. & N. railway, departed for St. Marys yesterday enroute to New York, from which city he sails for Sweden on Saturday for a few months' visit.

Mr. Oswald will demonstrate to all kodak operators at McCoy's Drug Store on Saturday, June 6, the working of the Eastman developing machine which does away with the dark room and saves the principal trouble and expense in making kodak pictures. All invited.

I have for sale a 1902 Walter A. Wood mowing machine five foot cut, very little used. Price $55 cash. Call on or address
J. C. KRUMME.
4t Smethport, Pa.

My stock of fruits and green stuff is always fresh and the best, at right prices. Call in and see it or give your order over the Bell 'phone. Prompt deliveries.
E. O. GASKIN.

Wanted.

A competent girl for general housework. Apply to H. H. Redfield.

A house broom given away with every $5 cash purchase. Yellow trading stamps besides.
J. C. HAMLIN.

Get one of those Leonard Cleanable Refrigerators and be happy. For sale at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Buy the Union Lock poultry fencing at Redfield's. The best for chicks and the easiest put up.

Window Screens and Screen Doors, all sizes, made to order at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Wanted—Girl for general housework. Apply at residence of G. W. Mitchell, Smethport. 18-tf

A fine line of green stuff can always be found at Gaskin's. Leave your order with "Bob."

The best lawn sprinkler on the market. Only $1.15.
J. C. HAMLIN.

Poultry netting at J. C. Hamlin's.

An Ordinance

Grant permission to The American Telegraph and Telephone Company of Pennsylvania to construct its lines of poles, wires and fixtures upon and along the public highways of the borough of Smethport, Pa., upon the terms and conditions therein stated.

BE IT ORDAINED by the Town Council of the borough of Smethport, McKean county, Pa., and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, that The American Telegraph and Telephone Company of Pennsylvania, its successors or assigns, be, and the same hereby are, granted the right, privilege and authority to construct, operate and maintain its lines of poles, wires and fixtures upon, along, over and under the public highways of the borough of Smethport, excepting that portion of Main street between Long and Nelson streets, upon the following terms and conditions, viz:

Sec. 1. All poles shall be reasonably straight; they shall be located under the direction and supervision of the committee on streets of the said town council and shall not be so placed as to interfere with the ordinary use of said highways, or so as to obstruct ditches, drains or entrances to gateways or driveways.

Sec. 2. Said company shall hold said borough free and harmless from any and all damages caused by the construction or negligent maintenance of said lines in said borough.

Sec. 3. Said company shall be subject at any and all times to any and all general ordinances now in existence, or any that may be hereafter passed relating to the use of public highways, or other public places in said borough.

Sec. 4. In consideration of the rights and privileges herein granted said borough shall have the right to attach the wires of its fire alarm and police telegraph system to any and all poles erected under the provisions of this ordinance, and said company shall bear all the expense of publishing this ordinance.

Sec. 5. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after the earliest period allowed by law.

Ordained and enacted into an ordinance this first day of June, 1903, at Smethport, Pa.
ALFRED HAGNERG,
President.
Attest: OCTAVIA RAYMER, Secretary
Approved June 2d, 1903.
CHAS. MCKEAN, Burgess.

MONARCH SHIRTS BANNER PATTERNS

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS CARPETS MEN'S FURNISHINGS

We give Yellow Trading Stamps. They're Valuable.

We mention below some extraordinary good offerings in summer merchandise. They're not odds and ends or job lots. Its just our way of giving the most possible for the money in smart new goods.

FANCY PARASOLS.

The styles this season are especially fetching and finish to perfection the charms of the summer girl. All the wanted colorings and a choice of prices from $1.00 to $9.50.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS—

"A Fifty-cent Sale"—We have made a window display this week of all half-dollar offerings. The values run up to seventy-five cents and you will find it economy of the first sort to buy now. There are special values in Negligee, Shirts, Belts, Underwear, Suspenders, Sox (4 prs. in a box), Golf Stocks and Neckwear, Etc.

FRY & HERZOG.

No More Dark Rooms

necessary for developing kodak pictures the principal trouble and expense done away.

—o—

Anybody can do all the work for a first-class picture.

—o—

MR. OSWALD

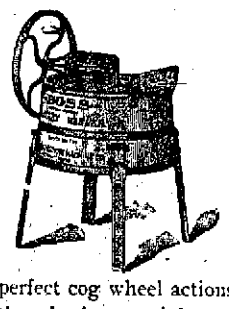
of the Eastman Kodak Co is going to give instructions on

Saturday, June 6th,

from 2 until 5 p. m. at

McCoy's Drug Store.

Any one interested in picture work invited.



BOSS ROTARY WASAING MACHINE.

The only rotary washer made with a perfect cog wheel actions. No bolts or screws to lose off, though the wheel turns right or left. Pin wheel or dasher reverses automatically, turning the clothes back and forth through the hot soap suds and cleaning them without rubbing them to pieces.

This washer is made by experienced mechanics ond will out last any other washer on the market. The tub has wringer box fastened with heavy steel brackets. The lid on top closes tight No escape of steam.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,

Lumber and Hardware

Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies and Fishing Tackle.

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.

Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

Wedding Presents, Graduating Presents.

I am well stocked for both.

It is not necdssary to go to the large cities when you can find such a stock near home. Telephone, or come over. You can save good money.

HAWKES CUT GLASS

has no equal. Prices run from a $1.50 Nappy to a $100.00 Punch Bowl. The Colonial or "Flutes" is quite the swell thing now, perfectly plain but beautiful.

HALL CLOCKS, CHIME CLOCKS, ELECTRIC CLOCKS,
STERLING SILVER, HAND PAINTED CHINA,
BRONZE FIGURES, BRASS ETCHINGS,
TIFFANY GLASS, FINE CLOCK SETS,
ELECTRIC BRONZES, SILVER DEPOSIT WARE.

For Graduation Presents I have thousands of things. Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Gold novelties, Fans, Belts, Brooches. See the stock. It is up to date.

Strictly One Price. Goods delivered out of town.

Prill, 7 Main St., Opposite Public Square,

Bradford, Pa.

WITH COLORS FLYING

By Louise J. Strong

Copyright, 1901, by T. C. McClure

The turmoil bewildered her. Weighed with the big old fashioned carpet bag, hand satchel and lunch box, her progress through the crowd was slow and she reached the steps only in time to be dragged aboard by the porter and conductor. As she entered the car the train started with a jerk, and she would have fallen but that a hand caught her and helped her to a seat.

She wiped away a few bitter tears Charles might have waited and put her on the train. He might have spared her that much time, considering she was to be gone so long. There miles up the road the cars would pass the corners, and the house would be in sight. She leaned out, watching hungrily. There it was! The windows of her room were open, the curtains gone. Already the girls were tossing things out! Her free old furnished rooms, furnished pieces of furniture sold probably to the second, by [illegible] herself and all her belongings with so [illegible] swept out

"SENDIN' YOU AWAY, BE THEY?"

of her old home as if she had never lived there. She lay back and closed her eyes tightly to keep the tears from straining.

"Great fur, ma'am?"

She looked up. The old gentleman who had given her a helping hand had taken the seat behind her. He smiled cheerily. She replied that it was quite a ways.

"Sendin' yourself away, be they?"

She gave him a troubled glance. "Maybe I'd ought to said passin' you around. Livin' with your children, ain't you an' it's some other one's turn now; never mind whether you like it or not. I know how it is, you see. I'm bein' passed, too."

She examined him with interest. He did not seem so very old; but, then, neither did she.

"I've been a passin' ever since mother died, eight years ago. Kind o' hard sometimes; seems like I don't more'n get settled an' feelin' a little bit like home 'fore I have to move on. Makes me feel like they'd be relieved if I'd pass on to the graveyard. But, then, I dunno as I'd ought to say that. They have their reasons, likely reasonable enough, too," he sighed.

"I haven't been 'passing,'" she smiled faintly. "I've lived all the while at the old home place. Charles, my youngest, and I carried on the farm together after the others married. We bought out the rest, and then Charles married"—

"Yes," he questioned gently as she paused.

"I don't hardly know how it came about—we don't keep account dealing with our children. Charles' family grew and took more, and I kept moving closer and giving more, till now, after twenty years of it, it seems as if I haven't any place that I can feel is mine. I gave up my old rooms downstairs long ago, and now the girls are going to have company this summer and want my room upstairs."

"Sent you away to some o' the rest, hey?"

A red spot burned in each cheek as she explained. "I couldn't go to Cy's. His wife wouldn't have me. I've started to a half sister's. It's like going to perfect strangers. I haven't seen her since I was married. I don't intend to stay there, though. I'm well and can work. I'll find a place housekeeping, where I can earn my board anyhow. I've always earned my keep." She drew herself up suddenly and smoothed her shabby shawl and skirt. She had been admonished against talking with strangers. "I'm to go back home next year," she added after a bit.

"I'm on the way to 'Lisha's. His wife an' me got on well enough, only she's the kind that's always worryin' about her work an' bindin' how hard it is to have another one to do for. I help all I can, but what I do don't seem to count."

She nodded decisively. She knew how that was.

"I'd live by myself if they'd let me, but they row about that and jest keep me a-goin' the rounds."

After these mutual confidences from long suffering hearts they exchanged names, told their ages and felt like old friends. He got her a cup of tea, and they lunched together. They had occupied the same seat for hours, and he waited on her with pleased alacrity. He had spells of meditative silence, and finally he leaned toward her, a look of keen eagerness on his face.

"Mis' Smith, ma'am, why should we do any more passin' around? I mean," he hastened to explain, "why shouldn't we have a home? I've got a little place back there. Robert's been tryin' to get me to let him have it; says I'm too old to be futterin' with it, but I've kept it. There's pasture for a couple o' cows an' plenty o' range for chickens an' several acres besides. There's lots o' work in me yet. Let's go back an' get married an' set up for ourselves. I ain't hard to get on with, an' I like you," he ended, with childish openness.

Her heart leaped. She liked him, too, but she offered objections: "We don't know a thing about each other."

"We'd have plenty of time to get acquainted an' lots o' interestin' things to tell each other about our lives. There's a little orchard an' small fruit an' a stone milk cellar. We'd have Jersey cows an' make butter. I'd help. We'd have all the vegetables we wanted. I'd fix it so's you'd always have a home if I went first." He was almost incoherent with eagerness.

"I've got some bedding and table linen and dishes that sister Lizzie, God rest her soul, left with me for safe keeping, and if friend took them to keep for me," she supplemented eagerly. Then the light faded from her eyes. "But what would they say?"

"We'd get 'em all after, neither of us got kinfolks. It's none of their business where we stay, as long as it ain't at the poor house. Think of havin' a home of our own where we look after everything's ours; no cold looks an' hints of being crowded. Seems to me I could live on mush in a home of my own."

"So could I, or potatoes and salt. But we wouldn't have to. We could make a good living. I'm first rate at butter making. I always get good prices. A home, not a place to stay! I'm a good housekeeper," she declared candidly, with a flash of pride.

"I knowed it," he laughed. "We'll change cars at Quimby an' go right back to my county seat—we're from the same state, an' get the license an' be married tonight at the squire's, an' when we're settled we'll invite 'em all to visit us. We'll come out with colors flyin'!" he crowed.

"But that'd be eloping. Running away at our time of life!" she fluttered, with smiles and tears.

"Think of a home, an' you a settin' the tea table an' the cat a purrin' by the fire, a canary a singin' in the window an' me a-bringin' in the fourth bucketa o' milk an' hearin' you passin' around."

He laid his open hand beside her on the seat, and after a moment's hesitation she slipped hers into it.

Told by a Drummer.

A drummer in a hotel lobby let this fable loose on a patient audience:

In the west the drummer was making a run on a train through a mountainous territory. At one point he went two elevations, there was a valley steep on both sides and forming a well rounded hollow.

The drummer was riding on a train through this valley when the train broke its coupling, and the car in which he was seated got separated from the engine. This was the descent of the first side. The engine could not stop on the down grade to await the rear car, for that would have caused a collision. Neither could it catch it on the up-grade. The engine ran to the top of the hill and there stopped.

The story then continues that the detached car went down one hill and up the other, then before the car could get over the incline it would lose its force and would begin the descent again. Back and forth went the car for about an hour. The inclines on both sides were so even in steepness that the car just balanced in running up one and down the other. They had to wreck the car to stop it.—Boston Journal.

Appropriate.

There was a great discussion in progress among the members of the faculty of a certain college. They wrangled long and raised their voices to too high a pitch, each eager to have the measure in question embody his particular variation of the idea.

Finally a professor of large mind and calm voice, who had been silent, rose and made a tactful, conciliatory speech.

As the effect of his words began to show in the peaceful quiet that settled over the fidgeting members, another professor, who also took things calmly, turned to his neighbor and whispered the line from Kipling:

"The oil can soothes the worrying cranks."

When the speaker had finished, the more aggressive members took up the discussion again. Presently the professor who had Kipling in mind leaned over once more and quoted the line from "McAndrew's Hymn:"

"And now the main eccentrics start their quarrel."

A Justifiable Protest.

"What's that?" cried the convicted incendiary. "Five years? Well, if you people ain't the worst I ever ran up against! Here I goes out in the evenin' an' sets fire to the tallest buildin' in town—sets fire to it so that in less 'n a minute the thing's a shootin' blaze a hundred feet up into the sky. The whole population is there quicker'n scat, all of you tickled to death at the sight! For four an' five hours you stood there watchin' the fire—hours of solid enjoyment, too—an' it not costin' you a cent! Why, a circus or the theater or a scandal trial wouldn't have given you half as much fun, an' you know it! An' yet you sit there an' bring in a verdic' givin' me five years in the penitentiary—mo, that's shown you all a good time an' ought to be considered as a benefactor if there was any gratitude in the human boozum!"—Kansas City Independent.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

AN ALL AROUND CITIZEN.

No One State Was Large Enough For This Son of Erin.

"There was an Irishman connected with the soldier's department, in the civil war," said an old veteran, "who fell asleep on the battle field after Bull Run. A party of Confederate scouts saw him, and as he had no uniform their leader prodded him awake and asked: 'Who are you? Where do you belong? What's your name?'

"'Begobs,' says Pat, rubbing his eyes, 'them's too many questions, and be yure leave, I'll be afther askin' yez th' same.'

"'We're McClellan's men, just from Washington.'

"'I knew yez were, gintlemen, and I'm thot same.'

"'Oho! That's where we've caught you. Put him under arrest, men! We belong to Beauregard's army.'

"'Thin ye lied to me, an', suspectin' that same, I told ye the same thing yez told me,' retorted the Irishman promptly. 'Now, give me the truth, an' I'll do the same by yez. What state do ye come from?'

"'From South Carolina.'

"'So do I, an' from all the other states, bejabs, an' that's where I'm thinkin' I've got the best of yez. You don't think I'd be sich a fule as to come all the way from Ireland to belong to a sin state, do yez?'"—New York Tribune.

Ivory as Medicine.

Ivory was used as a medicine up to the end of the eighteenth century.

In Schroder's "Zoology," 1651, translated into English by T. Bateson, it is thus described under the heading, "Elephas:" "His teeth are only used in medicine, vulgarly called ivory. The virtues: It cools and dryes, moderately binds cuts, strengthens the inward parts. It is good for the jaundice, it chaseth away Wormes, it is good for inveterate obstructions, it takes away the pains and weakness of the stomach, it heals the Epilepsie, drives away Melancholy, resists poisonous and pernicious. It is used in Infusions, and the powder is given in substance. The dose is half a dram. Preparation: i. Burnt ivory, called Spodium, and to distinguish it from the mineral Spodium, Spodium of Ivory. ii. Tincture of Spodium."

Ivory ground fine and made into a sort of jelly has been used as a strengthening food in late recent times by medical advice.

Worms as Soil Renovators.

Earthworms are not soil formers, for they are seldom met with in soils that are destitute of organic matter. They are simply renovators. Every time a worm is driven by dry weather or any other cause to descend deep it brings to the surface, when it empties the contents of its body, a few particles of fresh earth. At the same time it fertilizes the subsoil by opening up passages, which encourage the roots of plants to penetrate deeper; these passages being lined with excreted matter which provides a store of nourishment for the roots. On meadow land Darwin found that these worms casts amount annually to eighteen tons an acre and on good arable land to about ten tons.

Work For His Sheep.

A resident of London with a taste for decided kidneys found himself recently in a remote west of England village, where a sheep was killed about once a week. Not knowing that mutton was a luxury and kidneys, for obvious reasons, therefore, a rarity, he presented himself day after day at the village butcher's with the same request for his favorite breakfast dish. The butcher, looking upon his customer as a lunatic, bore it as long as he could, but on the fifth day said indignantly, "If you think, young man, that my sheep have nothing better to do than to lay kidneys for your breakfast you be mortal mistook."—London Answers.

Easy Divorce In Old Times.

The code of King Khammurabi of Assyria, whose date is approximately 2200 B. C., which has been deciphered from a pillar discovered at Susa, deals exhaustively with the subject of divorce. One of the most interesting clauses is the following: "If the wife of a man who dwells in the house of that man has set her face to go forth and has acted the fool and wasted his house and impoverished his house, they shall call her to account. If the husband shall say, 'I put her away,' he shall put her away. She shall go her way; for her divorce he shall give her nothing."

The Home of Musical Fish.

Lake Batticaloa, Ceylon, has the probably unique distinction of being the home of musical fish. The sounds emitted by these are said to be as sweet and melodious as those which would be produced by a series of Æolian harps. Crossing the lake in a boat one can plainly distinguish the pleasant sounds. If an oar is dipped in the water the melody becomes louder and more distinct.

He Knew Her.

"I'm sorry, but I really can't let you see my wife if you wear that beautiful new hat. She's quite sick, and the doctor has expressly stated that nothing must be allowed to excite her."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Plenty of Time.

"But we—we shall not begin our married life with a secret, shall we, dearest?"

"No, dearest," he murmured, "There's plenty of time."—Pittsburg Gazette.

A Nice Fat Goose.

Customer (entering poultry shop)—I should like to see a nice fat goose.

Small Boy—Yes, sir; mother will be in directly.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

POWDER AND GUNS.

Evidence That They Were Used Long Before the Christian Era.

There is abundant evidence that the origin of gunpowder and artillery goes far back in the dim ages of the past.

The Hindoo code, compiled long before the Christian era, prohibited the making of war with cannons and guns or any kind of firearms. Quintus Curtius informs us that Alexander the Great met with fire weapons in Asia, and Philostratus says that Alexander's conquests were arrested by the use of gunpowder. It is also written that those wise men who lived in the cities of the Ganges "overthrew their enemies with tempests and thunderbolts shot from the walls." Julius Africanus mentions shooting powder in the year 270. It was used in the siege of Constantinople in 668, by the Arabs in 690, at Thessalonica in 904, at the siege of Belgrade in 1075, by the Greeks in naval battle in 1098, by the Arabs against the Berbers in 1147 and at Toulouse in 1218.

It appears to have been generally known throughout civilized Europe as early as 1300, and soon thereafter it made its way into England, where it was manufactured during the reign of Elizabeth. And we learn that a few arms were possessed by the English in 1340 and that they were used at the battle of Crecy in 1346.—Cassier's Magazine.

"If."

Joseph Chamberlain, the English statesman, was once imbedded in a nursery rhyme for a great oratorical lift. In one of his speeches he was criticising Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury on their return from Berlin, where they had been carrying on negotiations with Bismarck.

Both had made speeches explaining their actions, and one of them in the course of his oratory used the word "if" so many times as to give Mr. Chamberlain a chance in his reply to make one of those popular allusions which are remembered longer than any logic.

"What the honorable gentleman has said," he remarked, "reminds me of a rhyme I learned from my nurse:

"If all the seas were ink and reeds
If all the rivers were milk,
If all the lakes were currant cakes,
What should we have to drink?"

The effect on the audience was tremendous. No one ever forgot that "if."

Gardens In the Ice.

A glacier when it dislodges itself and sails away over the Arctic ocean never travels alone. In the wake of every large one floats a line of similar companions. The Eskimos call this phenomenon "the duck and ducklings," and any one who has watched the progress of the wild duck followed by her brood will appreciate the aptitude of the native's metaphor as it may seem plants grow and blossom upon these great ice mountains. When a glacier is at rest mosses attaches itself to it, protecting the ice beneath, just as sawdust does. After a time the moss decays and forms a soil, in which the seeds of buttercups and dandelions, brought by the wind, take root and flourish. Those who have traveled much in arctic lands say the poppy does not bloom during the brief northern summer.

Look Prosperous.

Even though you may not be prosperous, adopt as far as possible the appearance of prosperity. It is sound capital and will bring good interest in the long run. Shabby looking people, you may have noticed, always appear apologetic and can easily be turned down when they are most in need of a helping hand. Do not confuse apparent prosperity with extravagance. Small but telling home economies can be practiced in order to hide from the public the fact that the wolf is at the door. Keep a brave front. Dame Fortune likes to throw her magic cloak about the shoulders of the man or woman who looks capable of making the best of it.

Lost Time.

The most reckless spendthrift in the world is the one who squanders time. Money lost may be regained, friendships broken may be renewed, houses and lands may be sold or buried or burned, but may be bought or gained or built again. But what power can restore the moment that has passed, the day whose sun has set, the year that has been numbered with the ages gone?

Better Thus.

"Don't you think," asked the anxious young playwright after the first performance, "that I might have improved it some by putting it in three instead of four acts?"

"Well, no," the critic replied. "I hardly think so. The curtain wouldn't be down as much in that case as it is now."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not Disturbable Then.

"Is your employer out?" inquired the caller.

"Yes, sir," replied the office boy.

"How do you know without looking into his private office?"

"Because I just heard him growl about the cards he was gettin' and call for another stack of blues."—Philadelphia Press.

He Told Her.

Teacher—Which letter is the next one to the letter "H?"

Boy—Dunno, ma'am.

Teacher—What have I on both sides of my nose?

Boy—Freckles, ma'am.

Pride goes before destruction, and so does everything else if it has any sense.—Town and Country.

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Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Lew. G. McCauley
Secy of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport
Member of Congress—S. B. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Mattson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McCurdy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisdale.
Prothonotary—E. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chapin, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Comrs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Comrs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Bradford.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—E. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Burton McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tena Kutzner, secretary; C. B. Mead, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. B. Rodgers, J. M. Bromley, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramey.
Justices—E. L. Knapp, R. C. Grayson.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
Tax Collector—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—F. R. Mead, president; Jas. A. Bingham, treasurer; J. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, J. W. Rollin, Chas. Ingersoll.
Collector—Carl Sauer.
Assessor—A. Holder.
Auditors—C. C. Mellon, C. C. Choate.
Inspector of Elections—G. A. Jackson.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday in each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets every evening at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on even; 2d and degree on third and 3rd degree on fourth evenings.

WM. LOGUES, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Sweet Rest Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

N. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 247, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

F. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Secy.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Forest Hive, No. 98, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MRS. ELLE F. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOUSER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus Block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Secy.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. church.

Mrs. MILLIE I. RIEVER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Secy.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 95, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS L. T. COLEGROVE, Secy.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

L. F. WILCOX, S.

L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gayland H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY ALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 24, 1908.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:04 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:09 a. m.
Train 126, week days..... 7:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:25 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:35 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

9:43 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 7:30 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 5:25 a. m., New York 8:33 a. m., week days (10:35 p. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and W. Jersey to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:05 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, 11:33 a. m. Sundays. Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:10 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:30 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 11, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays

SCHED	STATIONS	SCHED
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
9 05	Ridgway	12 01
9 50	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 18	Straight	11 18
10 20	Instanter	11 15
10 28	Scott's Mills	11 09
10 34	Wardale	11 02
10 40	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 12:05 p. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 5:45 p. m. Ridgway with train 10, leaving Johnsonburg at 12:40 p. m., Dubois, Red Bank, Punxsutawney, Brockway, Reynoldsville, Punxsutawney, Big Run, Anita, Lindsey, Hamilton, Falls Creek, Du Bois, Curwensville, Clearfield, Mahaffey, Patton, Cresson, Ebensburg, Hastings, Portage, Wilmore, Johnstown, Conemaugh, Derry, Latrobe, Greensburg, New Kensington, Tarentum and Allegheny.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 7, 1905.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

5:30 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south and with the Pennsylvania R. R. for points east and west.

1:35 p. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 5 for Warren, Irvineton, Corry, Union City and Erie.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane, and intermediate points, and Kane and points east and west, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Warren, Irvineton, Corry, Union City and Erie.

Limestone, Hazlewood, Dalmore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:50 a. m. 3:40 p. m. and 6:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummins, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. E. CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Penn'a

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 14. Passenger Train Schedule Effective June 25, 1905.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	p.m.
	1:10	8:10	lv Mt Jewett ar	8:50	1:50
6:21	1:20	8:21	Hazlehurst	7:40	12:40
5:59	1:05	8:03	Normandale	7:59	12:22
5:42	12:50	7:49	Keason	7:27	11:51
5:31	12:47	7:47	Custer	7:18	11:38
				7:10	
6:05	2:30	9:14	Smethport	5:55	11:10
				p. m.	
6:15	2:43	9:27	Fagundus Valley	7:45	11:10
6:27	2:49	9:34	Coryville	6:30	10:51
6:37	2:55	9:40	Lafayette	6:20	10:46

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt.
C. H. HAMMOND, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS. Ar	Dp	Lv Westward, A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8:05	7:05	2:10	Ulysses		7:20	2:25	9:10
7:50	6:53	2:10	Crowell		7:27	2:32	9:19
7:46	0	2:57	Carpenter		0	2:34	9:22
7:40	6:48	1:53	Perkins		7:32	2:37	9:26
7:32	6:45	1:50	Newfld Junc		7:37	2:42	9:32
0	0	1:45	Newfield		7:41	2:46	0
7:05	6:36	1:41	Gold		7:46	2:49	9:40
7:00	6:30	1:35	Raymond		7:49	2:55	9:47
6:45	6:21	1:24	Seven Bdg's		8:01	3:06	10:02
6:40	6:17	1:20	Colesburg		8:04	3:09	10:10
6:25	6:10	1:12	Frinks		8:12	3:17	10:20
6:15	0	1:05	N. Couds'pt		0	3:26	10:35
6:10	6:00	1:00	Dp.	Ar.	8:25	3:30	10:45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport				P.M.
4:20	7:45	12:15	Ar.	Dp.	8:28	6:00	1:20
0	0	12:13	Hammond		0	0	0
4:05	7:38	12:09	Olmsted		8:33	6:05	1:31
3:59	7:35	12:05	Mina		8:37	6:10	1:37
3:45	0	11:59	Knowlton		0	6:17	0
3:40	7:25	11:55	Roulette		8:47	6:21	1:51
3:30	7:16	11:47	Burtville		8:54	6:28	2:01
3:23	0	11:41	Coleman		0	6:34	0
3:20	0	0	Chem. Works		0	0	0
3:15	7:05	11:36	Pt. Allegany		9:08	6:40	2:25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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CINDERELLA

By CALLY RYLAND

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Mrs. Stanton was sitting on the white pillared piazza awaiting the arrival of her daily letter before she sought her room for her afternoon siesta.

The long line of windows above were open to catch the first faint breath from the mountains, the breath that collects its sweetness from deep lying beds of damp moss and fern filtered through the pine tops as it descends.

From the window in Elinor Cary's room just overhead came a ripple of laughter. Elinor herself, framed in its curtains, stood furbishing a dainty pair of bronze slippers to wear that evening to the cotillon. As she perched one of Gent upon the window sill and stopped back to view the effect of her handiwork the lace of her dressing sack

A SMALL BRONZE SLIPPER FILLED WITH CIGARETTES

caught in his buckle and sent it whirling down upon the dark brown head of a young man who was standing in the piazza below.

Mrs. Stanton caught a horrified look on poor Elinor's face as she darted back and then turned her glasses on the young man who had been so unceremoniously treated.

He had laid the slipper on the palm of his hand and was examining it carefully.

"What Cinderella dropped it, do you think?" asked one of the loungers, scanning the windows above.

"I don't know," said the young man slowly. He had only just arrived. "I don't know, but I am going to play the prince and find out."

"And marry the girl who can wear it?" they chaffed.

"Perhaps," he said. "Who knows?" And he dropped the slipper into his coat pocket and strolled away.

But the best laid plans of men, mice and even princes gang aft agley. Fate, in the uniform of a black bottoms, was even then relentlessly pursuing the prince, and half an hour later, in response to an urgent telegram from his partner, he was throwing things into his suit case to catch the afternoon train to New York. As he exchanged his flannels for the homespun of travel something fell from the pocket.

"Cinderella's slipper!" he exclaimed, picking it up tenderly. "Ah, well; the search for its owner is but a pleasure postponed, so I'll just take it along." And he tucked it carefully under his cuffs.

* * * * * * *

"How do I look, dear Mrs. Stanton?" asked Elinor, revolving slowly before the critical lorgnettes.

"As charming as Cinderella at the ball, my dear," said Mrs. Stanton, smiling. "And that reminds me to ask if you have ever heard anything of your prince of the slipper?"

"Not a word," laughed Elinor. "I had almost forgotten that little episode of last summer. His name was—let me see?"

"Don't ask me," cried Mrs. Stanton, offering her shoulders to the maid for her wrap. "Are you quite ready, dear? Jack is most particular about his dinner parties. He likes every one to come on the stroke of the hour."

"I am glad I am to meet the eighth wonder of the world at last," said Elinor, "this prince of perfection, Jack Stanhope. But I know I shall detest him," she added viciously under her breath. "He is too handsome, too charming, too brilliant, too good, in fact, to be true. You have done nothing but sing his praises to me since I came to New York, my dear lady, and now that I am honored with one of his long hoped for, much coveted invitations to a dinner in his apartments I believe you think I have fulfilled my destiny."

"Wait till you meet him," murmured Mrs. Stanton, leading the way to the carriage.

Elinor found her bad humor vanishing before the charming welcome of her host, and she was ashamed of the little thrill of satisfaction which crept over her when she found she was to have the seat of honor on his right.

"His rooms are really in excellent taste," she admitted to herself as she drew off her gloves. "His table appointments are perfect," she commented a little later on, "and he himself is all Mrs. Stanton claims for him," she confessed reluctantly as she noted his cleverness at keeping the conversation at ball rolling and the tact with which he put each one at his or her best till even shy little Amy Grey found herself confiding a timid anecdote to seven pairs of appreciative ears.

"I acknowledge that toasts have become a nuisance," Jack Stanhope said as they rose from the table, "but there is just one little one I would like you all to drink standing before we adjourn to the library for coffee and cigarettes. It is, 'To Cinderella.'"

"Have you gone back to your fairy tale days, Jack?" asked Jo Gibson, putting down his empty glass. "Let's have the story; come now, there's a good fellow."

"The story? Certainly, old man. I'll give it to you with an illustration." Jack answered as they followed the ladies into the library. "This is the illustration—have one?" And Elinor's breath quickened and her eyes grew wide with dismay as she watched him take from a little recess a small bronze slipper filled with Turkish cigarettes and hold it up in full view.

"I am going to tell you the story of the Cinderella who dropped this," he said, smiling, "and when I am through I expect to fit it on Miss Grey, Miss Severn and Miss Cary in turn. Only Mrs. Stanton is exempt, because she was fitted long ago by a better man."

Elinor grew pale and red by turns as the story spun itself out, and Jack wound up laughingly with, "And I've vowed to marry the girl who can wear it—if she will have me."

"It is silly to be embarrassed by so small a thing," she said to herself. But, try as she might and did, the hot blood rose guiltily to her cheeks when, after Miss Grey had timidly put forth a short, fat foot, murmuring, "It's no use for me even to try it on," and Miss Severn showed a slender toe a good two inches beyond the little bronze slipper, Jack Stanhope called out gayly, "Your turn now, Miss Cary."

"I—I really," she began helplessly, turning to Mrs. Stanton. But that lady was obdurate. Perhaps this was what she had anticipated.

"Try it on," she said, smiling. "I, your chaperon, command it." And Elinor obediently but blushingly drew her foot from her satin slipper and slipped it easily into the little bronze one.

For a moment there was a little embarrassed pause. Then they all began to talk at once, and Mrs. Stanton insisted that her carriage was waiting and swept Elinor away before the girl was quite sure that she should not have resented Stanhope's unnecessary pressure of her hand or that she had heard him murmur under his breath as he accepted Mrs. Stanton's invitation to call, "I have really found her at last—my Cinderella."

* * * * * * *

It was in June that the good steamship Lucania cast off her chains of bondage and swung her nozzle slowly oceanward.

From the near side of her railing a handsome pair strained their eyes to catch a glimpse of a figure on the pier.

"There she is, God bless her! Wave your handkerchief, Jack," cried the girl. "Why, what are you doing, you absurd boy?" For the man had fastened to the top of his stick a little bronze slipper and was hoisting it high above his head.

"Only saluting her with my talisman, dear little Cinderella," he answered tenderly as the pier swung out of sight.

Activity of a Musician's Brain.

In the course of a lecture at a conference of musicians in Dublin, Ireland, some interesting particulars and some astonishing statistics were given relatively to the amount of work accomplished by the brain and nerves in piano playing. A pianist, in view of the present state of pianoforte playing, has to cultivate the eye to see about 1,500 signs in one minute, the fingers to make about 2,000 movements and the brain to receive and understand separately the 1,500 signs while it issues 2,000 orders. In playing Weber's "Moto Perpetuo" a pianist has to read 4,541 notes in a little under four minutes. This is about nineteen per second, but the eye can receive only about ten consecutive impressions per second, so that it is evident that in very rapid music a player does not see every note singly, but in groups, probably a bar or more at one vision. In Chopin's "Etude in E Minor" (in the second set) the speed of reading is still greater, since it is necessary to read 3,950 signs in two minutes and a half, which is equivalent to about twenty-six notes per second.—Scientific American.

Spiders as Aeronauts.

Spiders cannot actually fly, but the young of many species are expert aeronauts. When, on some autumn day, these little adventurers prepare to start, they stand on some high point of vantage, facing the wind. Then the tip of the tail is raised, and little spinnerets emit threads which are caught and carried by the breeze. These vary in length with the weight of the spiders and are buoyant enough to bear their owners aloft for a considerable distance.

The glittering filaments which are thus spun and ultimately settle on the ground and bushes are familiar to us all as "gossamer" and are produced by many species of these most interesting insects.

Some spiders again are expert leapers. A beautiful example of this sort has been found at Sydney, New South Wales. It has a curious flap on either side of its body, which can be extended like a kite or parachute. Aided by this, it can readily cover short distances, though we cannot speak of this method of motion as real flight.

TRUCK DRIVER AND HORSE.

How a Friendly Understanding Developed Between Them.

The friendly relations which often exist between truck drivers and their horses is shown in the story of Chieftain, one of the mules in "Horses Nine," by Sewell Ford. Tim Doyle, the driver, having been left alone in the world, takes up lodgings in the stable. The story runs thus: So for three years or more Chieftain had always had a good night pat on the flank from Tim, and in the morning, after the currying and rubbing, they had a little friendly banter in the way of love slaps from Tim and good natured noslings from Chieftain. Perhaps many of Tim's confidences were given half in jest, and perhaps Chieftain sometimes thought that Tim was a bit slow in perception; but, all in all, each understood the other even better than either realized.

Of course Chieftain could not tell Tim of all those vague longings which had to do with new grass and springy turf, nor could he know that Tim had similar longings. These thoughts each kept to himself. But if Chieftain was of Norman blood, a horse whose noble sires had ranged pasture and paddock free from rein or trace, Tim was a Doyle whose father and grandfather had lived close to the good green sod and had done their toil in the open, with the cool and calm of the country to soothe and revive them.

Of such delights as these both Chieftain and Tim had tasted sparingly, hurriedly—in youth, and for them in the lapses of the daily grind both yearned each after his own fashion.

And, each in his way, Tim and Chieftain were philosophers. As the years had come and gone, toil filled and uneventful, the character of the man had ripened and mellowed, the disposition of the horse had settled and sweetened.

In his earlier days Tim had been ready to smash a wheel or lose one, to demand right of way with profane unction and to back his word with whip, fist or hobe hook. But he had learned to yield on such an occasion and to use the soft word.

Chieftain, too, in his first years between the poles had sometimes been impatient with the tardiness of mates who from time to time joined the team. He had taken part in many biting and frantic kicking, especially on days when the loads were heavy and the flies thick, conditions which try the best of horse keepers. But he had steadied down into a pole horse who could set an example that was worth more than all the six foot lashes ever tied to a whipstock.

Dr. Holmes' Table Talk.

At table Dr. Holmes was unflaggingly vivacious, ready at repartee, as witty as Lowell without Lowell's audacity at punning and for the immediate moment as wise as Emerson. Underwood, in his monograph on "Lowell, the Poet and the Man," has by some lapse of memory misquoted a passage of words that took place between Emerson and Holmes at one of the early Atlantic dinners. The conversation was upon the orders of architecture. It was Emerson, not Holmes, who had been saying that the Egyptian was characterized by breadth of base, the Grecian by the adequate support and the Gothic by its skyward soaring. Then it was Holmes, not Emerson, who flashed out instantly, "One is for death, one is for life, and one is for immortality." I did not hear this, but it was repeated to me at the time by one who did.—J. T. Trowbridge in Atlantic.

Huge Stones From the Moon.

In a catalogue of Mexican meteorites prepared by M. Antonio del Castillo one mass is mentioned which exploded in the air and fell in widely dispersed fragments, portions of it being found in three places at the angles of a triangle whose two longer sides were some fifty-five and thirty-five miles in length. In one of these places two plates of stone were discovered, lying about 250 yards apart, which had evidently once formed one huge block. Measurements and estimations place the combined weight of the two blocks at eighty tons. In this one shower of "moon stones," according to M. del Castillo's paper, not less than 3,000 tons of rocks fell.

Opportunities.

However a man is gifted, whether for active enterprise of thought or charity, there lies around him a world of opportunity. So far behind are we socially, morally, intellectually, that one might be forgiven if he supposed the world were made but yesterday and nothing had yet been done. Does no ambition fire us to help the despairing, starving, sinking people around us? If a few more years be added to our life, would we not strive to put something right, to sweep out some little corner, to awaken some soul to see and rejoice in the growing light?—Good Words.

Bird Superstitions.

In many parts of England there are curious superstitions about birds. The stonechat, for instance, is believed to be continually chatting with the evil one, so it is held in bad repute, and as the raven commonly impersonates his sable majesty it is ranked in the same category of evil birds. Sometimes, however, the raven's appearance, so it is held, forebodes a death.

Natural Conclusions.

"If dey's milk in paradise dey mus' have cows dar," said Brother Williams, "en of dey got honey dar dey sho mus' have bees, en whar bees is dey's blossoms, en whar blossom is dey's always watermillions in season, bless de Lawd!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Self made pedestals are a good deal more numerous than self made men.—Puck.

CONSPIRING WITH CUPID

By Epes W. Sargent

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As all Branscome had decided that Charlie Schermerhorn was the fit and proper mate for Mabel Howard, that independent young woman properly decided to transfer her somewhat unsettled affections to Frank Caswell. Branscome folks pointed out that Schermerhorn had been her girlhood's sweetheart, was now well to do, and their union would crown a very pretty little romance.

On the other hand, Caswell was providentially a newcomer in the village, having made his advent two years before, when Branscome arrived at the dignity of supporting a national bank. The directors had brought him up from the city to act as receiving teller and to teach the Branscome boys how to conduct a bank. He had proceeded to make himself generally liked, and the only thing that could be urged against him was that his very evident fondness for Mabel Howard threatened to destroy a Branscome romance.

Oddly enough, Caswell and Schermerhorn were the closest of friends. Despite dire predictions of personal encounters nothing marred the course of their friendship, and Schermerhorn seemed to find very satisfying consolation in the company of Grace Payne, Caswell's half sister, who kept house for him.

So matters stood when Anabel McPherson decided to give a Hallowe'en party. Miss McPherson, known as Anabel to the entire village, was old Captain McPherson's daughter, and, inheriting her father's estate, she had become the richest woman in the village. Much given to novel reading, Miss Anabel had never married, fearful that each suitor was seeking her fortune rather than her hand. At forty-two she was still a single and by no means unattractive woman, with a kindly heart and a head filled with romantic

MISS ANABEL HUSHED TO CLOSE THE WINDOW.

fancies. It was her delight to make the affairs of others her own, and this Hallowe'en party was given for the express purpose of setting matters straight between Schermerhorn and Mabel Howard. Well versed in the superstitious lore of love, she decided that with a little assistance Cupid might yet achieve a victory and bring the pair together.

Among the tests for the evening Miss Howard had decided upon that of naming candles. Different names would be given several wax tapers; the last one left burning would indicate the name of one's future husband. She used tiny wax tapers, homemade, and by giving one twice as thick a wick as the other she argued that one would burn twice as rapidly, and, thus prepared, in a fever of anticipation she awaited the coming of her guests.

There were the usual tests of suspended apples, floating apples, popping chestnuts and mirrors. Finally, with great glee, Miss Anabel brought out the two tapers.

"Here's a test for Mabel Howard," she announced ingenuously, for, as mistress of ceremony, she had seen to it that Mabel had taken no prominent part in the earlier tests. "This," she said, as she placed the candle on the table, "I shall name Charles and this," producing the one with the quicker wick—"well, suppose we name it Frank."

Mabel blushed redly at this very pointed allusion, and half started up as though she would leave the room. Caswell laid a detaining hand gently upon her arm.

"Don't," he whispered. "She means well and to leave now would only serve to make a bad matter very much worse." Mabel sank back in her seat, but presently all were crowded around the table where the two candles were burning brightly. Caswell was not superstitious, but the spirit of the hour was upon him and he noted with some concern that his candle was burning away much faster than the other. Miss Anabel noted with pride the approaching success of her expedient, and, her gentle heart throbbing, she hovered o'er the candles.

Caswell's candle was now within half an inch of the candlestick, while fully two inches of Schermerhorn's remained. Suddenly a gust of cold air blew in from a window that had just been raised and a moment later some one opened the door in the hall to admit a gust of icy air, and the flames flickered perilously. With a shriek Miss Anabel rushed to close the window, but, as the heavy sash dropped with a bang, an excited clamor arose at the table and she heard with sudden contraction of the heart some one laughingly announce "Caswell wins!"

She made her way to the table, and there, still burning brightly, but almost consumed, was the candle she had named for Frank, while a smoking wick crowned a full inch of wax on the other.

In an instant a babel of talk arose, and under cover of the excitement poor Miss Anabel stole over to the window sent to get the better of her disappointment.

* * * * * * *

The quartet whose love affairs were shaking gossipy little Branscome to its very foundations walked home slowly in the crisp autumn moonlight. Caswell bent fondly above Mabel's drooping head.

"I have a confession to make," he said. "It may not have been quite fair, but when that draft came I shielded my candle."

Mabel laughed nervously, and her voice was low and uncertain.

"I guess I wasn't quite fair either, but I don't want dear Miss Anabel marrying me off according to her yellow backed novels, and—and I blew out Charlie's candle."

A deep chuckle interrupted their mutual confessions. Schermerhorn's rich, wholesome tones announced:

"Let the good work go on. When I saw things were going against you, Frank, I opened the window, hoping to blow out both candles and stop the nonsense entirely."

"And I," chimed in Grace Payne, laughing—"well, I opened the door to help on the draft. It wouldn't do to let the Hallowe'en sprites confirm the decision of Branscome in pairing us off. Poor Miss Anabel! And I believe she did it all on purpose."

"Never mind," said Schermerhorn cheerily. "She shall be bridesmaid or maid of honor or anything you girls like when the weddings come off, for, really, she brought matters to a climax."

And he patted Grace's little hand, snuggling against his great arm, while Frank Caswell and Mabel disappeared within the portals of the Howard home.

Candy For the Theater.

Mrs. Smythe never eats candy, yet when she got ready to go to the theater she bought a box of mixed chocolates.

"Why are you taking that along?" asked her neighbor in the adjoining flat, who knew Mrs. Smythe's unnatural antipathy for sweetmeats.

"For Mr. Smythe to nibble at," was the reply. "He will eat half a boxful before the play is out."

"How funny!" said the neighbor. "I didn't know that men were given to eating candy in the theater."

"That just shows that you don't go very often yourself or else fail to make good use of your eyes while there," Mrs. Smythe retorted. "Since Mr. Smythe developed such an appetite for sweets I have been watching other men, and I find that of the couples who go to the theater provided with a box of candy the man eats three chocolates to the woman's one. There is a chance that that one sided arrangement is partly due to the woman's fear of getting her gloves soiled by digging into the candy box, but I take it to mean that men eat more candy when in a theater than women do simply because they like it better."—New York Times.

Ochiltree's Ready Wit.

On the day of Grover Cleveland's first inauguration in Washington Thomas P. Ochiltree took a cab to go to the capital. The driver was drunk, and the horse ran away. Tom was thrown out and so severely injured that he was on crutches for more than a year. He sued the Pennsylvania Railroad company, which owned the cab, for $20,000 damages. His friends jocularly insisted that he would cling to those crutches until the suit was decided. Meanwhile he went to a Clover club dinner in Philadelphia, and, being called on to speak, arose to respond, with no crutches in sight. As soon as he uttered the words "Mr. President," Mr. Postlethwaite of the Pennsylvania railroad, one of the brightest fellows in the club, sang out, "Colonel Ochiltree, where are your crutches?" It was enough to floor most men, but Tom was equal to the emergency. Quick as a flash came this answer: "Under the table, sir, where you will be in a few minutes." Mr. Postlethwaite joined as heartily as anybody in the laugh following this knockdown blow.

The Panacea of Nature.

Every great and commanding moment in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm. The victories of the Arabs after Mohammed, who in a few years from a small and mean beginning established a larger empire than that of Rome, is an example. But there will dawn ere long on our politics, on our modes of living, a nobler morning than that Arabian faith in the sentiment of love.

This is the one remedy for all ills, the panacea of nature. We must be lovers, and at once this impossible becomes possible. Our ago and history for these thousand years have not been the history of kindness, but of selfishness. Our distrust is very expensive. The money we spend for courts and prisons is very ill laid out. We make by distrust the thief and burglar and incendiary, and by our court and jail we keep him so. An acceptance of the sentiment of love throughout Christendom for a season would bring the felon and the outcast to our side in tears, with the devotion of his faculties to our service.—Emerson.

BERMUDA MAIDENS.

The Reason So Many of Them Decide to Remain Unmarried.

In proportion to population there are more old maids in the Bermudas than in any other part of the world. This is true of all classes of the population, but especially of the oldest and wealthiest families, who have been connected with the islands ever since they were colonized by the Virginia company in 1612.

Five out of six of the daughters of the old planting families do not marry in spite of the fact that they are pretty, with a delicate rose flush type of beauty, extremely well bred and accomplished and just as nice as girls can possibly be. Their failure to marry is a standing source of wonder to the whole of the West Indies.

An antiquated law is undoubtedly responsible in part for this state of things. By this law provision is made for the daughters to take shares of a landed estate when their father dies, but if one marries she loses her fortune. It is taken away and shared among the others. Under this law many a girl of the better class is robbed of the dowry which is rightfully hers. Sometimes she will not marry her sweetheart at the cost of her fortune; sometimes the mercenary swain will not marry her if she has nothing to bring him but herself.

Rustic Work.

Sooner or later every owner of a country home runs up against the idea of rustic work. Generally it hits him hard—sometimes too hard. If you really need seats or summer houses in your woodland nothing can be more appropriate than logs with the bark on, because they harmonize with the growing trees, says Country Life in America. This is the real secret of the popularity of rustic work, its fitness. It is opposed to costlier and more architectural features which make a strong contrast with natural surroundings. Occasionally, however, you will find a man who has fallen head over heels in love with rustic work for its own sake. The consequence is that he fills the lawn in front of his house with all sorts of rustic impossibilities which look doubly foolish because they have no earthly use and because they are out in a sunny spot in the midst of an environment which is civilization rather than nature.

An Organ in the Tenth Century.

Wolsius speaks of an organ containing 400 pipes which was erected in the tenth century in England. This instrument was blown by "thirteen separate pairs of bellows." It also contained a large keyboard. There are drawings of that period extant which represent the organ as an instrument having but few pipes, blown by two or three persons and usually performed on by a monk. The keys, which were played upon by hard blows of the fist, were very clumsy and from four to six inches broad.

About the end of the eleventh century semitones were introduced into the keyboard, but to all appearances its compass did not extend beyond three octaves. The introduction of pedals in 1490 by Bernhardt giving a compass B flat to A was another important contribution to the instrument. These were merely small pieces of wood operated by the toe of the player.

Pigg and His Pig.

An old Kentucky indictment has been brought to our attention which alleged that defendant "did unlawfully, willfully and maliciously kill and destroy one pig, the personal property of George Pigg, without the consent of said Pigg, the said pig being of value to the aforesaid George Pigg. The pig thus killed was the mate to some other pigs that were owned by said George Pigg, which left George Pigg a pig less than he (said Pigg) had of pigs and thus ruthlessly tore said pig from the society of George Pigg's other pigs against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth of Kentucky."—Case and Comment.

Getting the Drop.

"You insist on having a man who carries a rifle in every scene?" queried the startled playwright.

"That must be in the contract," answered the star.

"But it will appear very sensational and inartistic."

"Can't help it. I play a territory where audiences have a way of getting restless. I want them to see that we've got the drop on them before they start throwing things."—Exchange.

Too Much Development.

Excessive muscular development is pronounced by an experienced physician to be not only unnecessary, but positively dangerous. On ceasing athletic training, which every person must do sooner or later, the system adapts itself very slowly to new conditions, and digestive and liver troubles are very liable to follow. The great lungs, not needed in sedentary work, degenerate, often leading to consumption.

An Emergency.

Mrs. Brandnew—I would like to get a first class book on etiquette.

Mr. Brandnew—Any particular point you want to clear up?

Mrs. Brandnew—Yes; how to treat one's inferiors. You know, dear, it is only recently that we have had inferiors.

His Talent.

Si—I thought Hank was to college for a career as preacher.

Hi—So he was, but from the big bills he kept sendin' in I thought I ought to make a doctor of him.—Chicago News.

Marked For Life.

"No matter where I hide," sighed the leopard, "I'm always spotted."—Cornell Widow.

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BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

THE PASSING OF THE SUMMER BOARDER

By [illegible] MPLE BAILEY

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"Goodby, dear."

"Goodby."

Miss Tremont held Cornelia in her arms for a moment as she kissed her. The figure of the girl was rigid, and the lips she touched were cold, but Miss Tremont did not notice the lack of enthusiasm. She was used to conquests, and she was sure Nelie loved her.

She whispered in the girl's ear. Her voice was penetrating, and, as she intended, the clear tones reached the ear of the man who stood close by.

"When you are married, let me know, and I will come and dance at your wedding," was what she said.

Then she gathered up her rustling skirts and waved her bunch of American Beauties at the pair, and the coach drove off.

Cornelia turned to the man beside her.

"Did you hear what she said?"

"Yes," he answered absently. His eyes on the fluttering bit of white veil far down the road.

"Well, she needn't have said it. I shan't let her know."

The man turned, his sunburned face showing his surprise.

"I thought you liked Miss Tremont."

"So I did, and I do yet, but I tell you now, Dave Clinton, that if mother takes boarders again next summer I shall go away and stay." Her voice was fierce.

An uneasy look came into the blue eyes of the young farmer.

"And leave me?" He tried to ask the question easily, but his voice was not steady.

She laid her hand on his arm, with a kind of doubting appeal.

"Would you care if I went if she was here?"

The man shifted his position uneasily. "I don't see that you are called upon to ask me that question, Nellie," he said.

"But I do ask it." Her fingers were locking each other nervously. "I did like her," she went on, "for she is so beautiful, and she interested me until you began to notice her."

He tried to take her hand, but she flung herself away from him. Then for a moment there was a tense silence.

"I love you, Nellie," he said at last.

"You don't you don't! You love her!" she cried passionately. "And I wish we had never seen her." She ran swiftly up the path and shut the door of the house in his face.

That night the family sat down at a small table in the big kitchen. The dining room had been restored to its original position as a living room, and the parlor was closed. The supper of warmed over potatoes and eggs, with one kind of preserve, announced the return of plain living.

After supper Nelie washed the dishes in the big pantry just outside the kitchen. Her mother was in the milk room skimming, so when Dave came and stood beside her they were alone.

"What's the matter, Nellie?" he said. "Are you mad at me?"

She raised her blue eyes.

"No, Dave," she said quietly.

She poured some hot water into her pan so recklessly that her fingers were burned, and she uttered an involuntary cry.

Dave reached over and took them, red and wet as they were.

"Poor little fingers!" he said.

Nelie's eyes blazed. "I won't have your pity, Dave Clinton!" Her voice was hushed, but vehement.

Without another word the man turned away, but she called him back in a whisper.

"I want to see you when I finish. I'll come down to the orchard bent."

The orchard was spicy with the scent of apples, and under the moonlight the great red globes showed dark in the shadow of the leaves. Dave sat on a natural bench made by the gnarled trunks of two old apple trees and watched Nelie come down the path. He rose to meet her and put his arm around her, but she thrust him aside with a little, impatient gesture.

Then she sat down and looked up at him as he stood in front of her.

"It isn't that I am jealous," she began, as if their conversation of the afternoon had not been interrupted, "but it's because I can never be the same to you, no matter if you do think you love me. You have seen Miss Tremont, and now, always, she will be the most beautiful woman in the world to you."

"She is a beautiful woman," he assented gravely.

"Yes, and before she came you thought my hands were pretty—my little, red, rough hands"—her voice broke—"and you admired my hair and the little dresses I made myself. I am not blaming you," she went on, "but you had never seen a woman like her. I hadn't, either, and you were carried away just as I was. But don't you see that I want to be first with you?"

"You are first, Nelie," he said gravely.

"But I haven't wonderful eyes like hers, and I can't use them as she does. I can't say the right thing as she does in her soft voice. And her perfumes! Will you ever smell a violet again, Dave, without thinking of her? Will you?"

He smoothed her hand soothingly and said nothing.

"Did you ever see such dresses and beautiful shoes? I was ashamed all the time, and wore my best slippers every day. She was like a rose—one of the big, beautiful roses that were sent her from town so often."

She went on in a sobbing monotone, while the man's face was white and set.

"And now it will be her that you love and not me. Of course you will marry me because you couldn't marry her; you are not her kind. But I don't want your pity. That's why I am going to give this back." She stripped a little garnet ring from her third finger and handed it to him.

He took it and turned it over and over in his hand.

Then he walked up and down under the trees, and she watched the tall, strong figure with the steady, firm tread as she leaned trembling against the old gnarled apple tree.

Suddenly he came over to her, and in spite of her protests he lifted her in his arms to a higher seat in the old tree where he could stand beside her and stroke her hair and watch the moonlight on her face as he had watched so many, many times before.

"Nelie," he said, "I bought this little ring for the woman who was to be my wife, and there can never be any other."

Both of her hands were on his big ones now, and her eyes were searching his face wistfully.

"When she came," he waved his hand down the road as if the summer boarder were still a visible presence, "I had never seen anything like her. She fascinated you; she fascinated me. She is a wonderful dream woman." His voice trailed off into silence.

"But I want to be your dream woman," she wailed.

With an effort he brought his eyes down close to hers and smiled at her tenderly. "You are my real woman," he said.

"But," she began.

"There are no 'buts,'" He lifted her down, and they stood together beneath the dark boughs. "She is beautiful, little girl; but so was the picture that we saw in the art gallery when we went to the city, but I didn't want to bring the picture home, and I couldn't take her into my little home any more than I could the picture. I want the tender, sweet woman who has filled my heart since I was a boy and who fills it still."

She laid her head down on his arm with a sigh of content.

"But I can't help wishing you had never seen her."

Into the blue eyes which looked over her bowed head and down the long, long road that led to the city there came a shadow, but Dave's voice was gay as he raised her face to his and kissed her.

"The summer is ended, sweetheart, and the little house is ready. When?"

Ben Butler's Short Speech.

Francis E. Leupp in the Century says that probably the shortest speech ever delivered in congress was made by Ben Butler of Massachusetts. An Ohio member had fallen afoul of him one day and poured upon him a torrent of abuse which would have excited general indignation but for an uncommonly ridiculous gesture with which the orator accompanied almost every alternate sentence. This tempered the disgust of his hearers with mirth. He would raise his arms just as high above his head as possible and then bring his hands as if he were making a delirious attempt to wring them off. Butler sat through the speech with his eyes half closed, not moving a muscle. He rose when his assailant finished and stood calmly in the aisle. After perhaps a minute of silence he began, "Mr. Speaker!" Another impressive pause, and expectancy reached nearly the bursting point. Suddenly raising his arms, Butler reproduced exactly the awful gesture of the Ohio congressman. Then his arms fell to his sides, and for another minute he stood silent. "That is all, Mr. Speaker," he said finally. "I just wanted to answer the gentleman from Ohio."

History and Biography.

The whole value of history, of biography, is to increase my self trust by demonstrating what man can be and do. This is the moral of the Plutarchs, the Cudworths, the Tennemanns, who give us the story of men or of opinions. Any history of philosophy fortifies my faith by showing me that what high dogmas I had supposed were the rare and late fruit of a cumulative culture, and only now possible to some recent Kant or Fichte, were the prompt improvisations of the earliest inquirers; of Parmenides, Heraclitus and Xenophanes.

In view of these students the soul seems to whisper: "There is a better way than this indolent learning of another. Leave me alone. Do not teach me out of Leibnitz or Schelling, and I shall find it all out myself."

Still more do we owe to biography the fortification of our hope. If you would know the power of character, see how much you would impoverish the world if you could take clean out of history the lives of Milton, Shakespeare and Plato, these three, and cause them not to be. See you not how much less the power of man would be? —Emerson.

The Care Free Swazis.

Who are the happiest people in the world? Undoubtedly the Swazis of South Africa. There are about 70,000 of them, and if you searched the world over you could not find 70,000 people of a happier temperament. They utterly refuse to worry about anything, they positively decline to work, and they will not be civilized on any account. Unlike most savages, they are not troubled by any superstitions. A happy, careless people, loving idleness and the sun, the Swazis go through life with the least possible trouble. They are prodigal in times of plenty, philosophical in times of want, optimistic at all times.

Some Practical Advice.

It is not necessary to leave your home and friends, give up your occupation or put on a uniform to do good. Here is a simple way: When you hear a good thing said about a man, tell him. This line of missionary work does not take any of your time from your legitimate business. —Atchison Globe.

The Father's Idea.

Daughter—Papa, mamma says birthday gifts are luxuries, but I say they are necessities. Now, what do you say they are?

Father—I? Oh, I say they are nuisances.

A HISTORIC SCHOOL.

It Was Established at Dorchester, Mass., in 1639.

The first public school in America to be supported by direct taxation "upon the inhabitants of a town" was established at Dorchester, Mass., in May, 1639.

In 1630 David Thompson had settled upon Thompson's island, off the coast of the colony town, and in 1633 he gave the island to the town on the payment of 12 pence yearly rental. Having transferred the island to the town, the town council met May 20, 1639, and adopted the following order:

"It is ordered the 20th day of May, 1639, that there shall be a rent of £20 a year imposed forever on Thompson's island, to be paid by every person that hath property in said island, according to the proportion that any such person shall from time to time enjoy and possess there, and this toward the maintenance of a school in Dorchester. This rent of £20 a year to be paid to such schoolmaster as shall undertake to teach English, Latin and other tongues, also writing. The said schoolmaster to be chosen from time to time by the freemen, and it is left to the discretion of the elders and the seven men for the time being whether maids shall be taught with the boys or not. For the levying of this £20 yearly from the particular persons who ought to pay it according to this order it is further ordered that some man shall be appointed by the seven men for the time being to receive this, and on refusal to levy it by distress and not finding distress such person as so refuseth payment shall forfeit the land he hath in property in said island."

Here the first teacher was the Rev. Thomas Waterhouse, Chicago Tribune.

Camera Shows Twins to Be Unlike.

"It is a curiosity of photography that two persons who look alike in the flesh look entirely unlike in a picture," said a photographer. "I saw that peculiarity of the human countenance strangely exemplified in the case of two girls whom I photographed a few weeks ago. The girls were twins. Each was the dead image of the other, and I felt positively uncanny when posing them, for I expected the result to be two pictures faces startlingly alike. But they did not turn out so. The features were the same, to be sure, but in the photographic process the underlying expression had been brought to the fore and had given to each girl an individuality of her own which diminished the resemblance wonderfully.

"I have noticed the same peculiarity in other cases of photographing doubles, although never in so pronounced a degree. In some faces expression counts for much more than feature, even in photography, and, although the clocks, nose and mouth may be cast in the same mold, the camera gives results wildly different." —New York Press.

Thackeray Didn't Wear Spurs.

Thackeray was not a vain man, and he disliked vanity in others and made it the subject of his ridicule and sarcasm.

After long pleading his family induced him to have his portrait painted, and Lawrence, a famous London artist, finally undertook the task.

Soon after the picture was completed Thackeray chanced to be dining at his club when a pompous officer of the guards stopped beside the table and said:

"Haw, Thackeray, old boy, I hear Lawrence has been painting your portrait."

"So he has," was the response.

"Full length?"

"No; full length portraits are for soldiers, that we may see their spurs. But the other end of the man is the principal thing with authors," said Thackeray.

When Squirrels Were Numerous.

Accounts of early writers show that squirrels must formerly have been amazingly numerous. Godman says that the gray coat was a fearful scourge to colonial farmers and that Pennsylvania paid £8,000 in bounties for their scalps in 1749 alone. This meant the destruction of 640,000 within a comparatively small district. In the early days of western settlement regular hunts were organized by the inhabitants, who would range the woods in two companies from morning till night, vying as to which band should bring home the greatest number of trophies. The quantities thus killed are almost incredible now.

The Art of Conversation.

"Tell me," pleaded the artless maid, "wherein lies the secret of the art of conversation?"

The sage affected the attitude he was wont to assume when in the act of imparting wisdom and said:

"My child, listen."

"I am listening," breathlessly she answered.

"Well, my child," he rejoined, "that is the art of conversing agreeably."

It Was Different.

"I dare say," she remarked acridly, sitting up in bed when he stumbled in at 2:30 in the morning, "that you have been sitting up with a sick friend or attending a lodge meeting?"

"Neither one," he replied. "I've been playing poker and I sloughed off thirty-five good bones. Where's my nightshirt?"—Washington Post.

No Disturbance.

Nangle—I hear there was a disturbance at th' meetin' last night.

Flummery—Ye heard wrong, tbin, for when McGowan hit th' chairman in th' eye we threw him out o' th' windy, an' that stopped all trouble. Oh, no; everything was harmonyus an' quiet.

One Enough.

"But what is your real objection to polygamy?" insisted the argumentative one.

"Oh, give us a rest!" said the other. "Don't you know that a man can't serve two masters?"—Town Topics.

Liked the Cure.

He—I offered to kiss her tears away.

She—Well?

He—She cried worse than ever.

Some men's respect for themselves seems to be based largely on a lack of unbiased information.—Puck.

NO STYLE ABOUT JACKSON

His Cook Was Called on Interpreter For French Diplomatists.

"Although 'Old Hickory' was a blunt man in all matters of business and reached his purposes by the straightest road," said an old newspaper man, "still he was courteous in an eminent degree and had a high respect for the forms of social intercourse. While president of the United States his reception of foreign ministers and eminent citizens was distinguished by courtly etiquette and noble bearing. It is related that on one occasion a foreign minister just arrived had a day and an hour appointed by Mr. McLane, then secretary of state, to be presented to the president, and, misunderstanding the premier's French and perfectly at fault by the apparent simplicity of republican manners, the minister at the appointed time proceeded to the White House alone and rang the bell.

"Je suis venu voir M. le Président," said the plenipotentiary to the Irish servant.

"An' what does that mean?" muttered Pat, and continued, "He says president, though, an' I s'pose he wishes to see the general."

"Oui, oui," said the minister, bowing.

Without further ceremony the gentleman was ushered into the green room, where the general sat, complacently smoking his corncob pipe, and on the instant he commenced a ceremonious harangue in French, of which "Old Hickory" did not understand one word.

"What does the man want, Patrick?" asked the general, without concealing his surprise at what he had witnessed.

"It's French that he's spakin' in, an' with your lave I'll send for the cook to find out what the gintleman wants."

In due time the presiding officer of the kitchen arrived, the mystery was explained, and, to the astonishment of the cook, the servant and the old general, an accredited minister from a foreign government was developed. Fortunately at the instant the secretary came in, a ceremonious introduction took place and all parties were soon at ease. Washington Star.

POULTRY POINTERS.

Keep the turkey hens tame by feeding them close to the house.

When the fowls have a free range, one cock to every fifteen or twenty hens is sufficient.

The ganders have more meat for their size than any other fowl. They grow slowly, but are solid and firm.

Cooping up the mother hen and allowing the chickens to run around is the safest and most economical plan.

Wooden floors close to the ground absorb the damp from the earth, and the atmosphere of the house is always moist.

Bone meal will greatly assist the growth and development of bone in chickens and in a great measure prevent leg weakness.

The nests must be renewed occasionally and kept clean. Clean, dry straw is the best nestling material. Tobacco stems will help to keep away vermin.

If it is desirous to have the greatest number of pounds of meat from the smallest quantity of feed, select the large breed—Dorkins, Cochins or Brahmas.

The Canals of France.

Few who have not traveled in southern and central France know of her vast systems of canals and canalized rivers. Many persons spend months or years in Paris and know nothing of the great basins in that city from which canals radiate, binding all parts of France to the great heart of the capital. These canals run into rivers connecting those of the water sheds north, south and west. Through many of these small streams—we at home would call them creeks—you will see little towboats puffing, grunting and lifting up a heavy chain from the canalized river bed, winding it round a drum and thus towing long lines of barges with a most economic expenditure of power. —Argonaut.

A Fair Exchange.

He was one of those irrepressible youngsters who are constantly brimming over with mischief.

The loving, tender hearted mother wound up a serious talk by saying, "I love you even when you are naughty, darling."

A day or two later this same small boy received a spanking, and in a little while he climbed into his mother's arms, saying as he lovingly patted her face:

"I lub you, mamma, so much, even when you 'pank me."—Little Chronicle.

The Ink That Homer Used.

Ink of various hues was used by the ancient Romans, that of a purple tint being considered the exclusive fluid for the execution of all royal writings, as it was distinctively the royal color. It is said that Homer's works were written in letters of gold on a roll 120 feet in length, formed of the intestines of serpents, but we are left in ignorance as to the method of preparing this ink.

Why She Stood.

"Madam," said the conductor to the plain and somewhat elderly woman standing up in the street car, "why don't you ask one of these men to give you a seat?"

"Because," she answered, grimly sarcastic, "I haven't the face to do it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Costly to Admire.

"Why is it that wealthy people become so cold and cynical?"

"They don't necessarily," answered Mr. Cumrox. "They have their enthusiasms. The trouble is that a rich man can't admire anything without being solicited to buy it."—Washington Star.

Postprandial Eulogence.

"He's quite a star as an after dinner speaker, isn't he?"

"Star? He's a regular moon. He becomes brighter the fuller he gets."—Philadelphia Press.

A flatfooted refusal is not well bred. Nothing betokens breeding like the arched instep.—Puck.

A PRECOCIOUS BOY.

The Essay on Man That Was Written by a Child of Eight Years.

I remember, writes a correspondent of a London paper hearing Lord Dufferin tell the following story of the late Sheridan Le Fanu: Sheridan's father—the archbishop of Meath, I think—was a great stickler for punctuality, a regard his son did not share. One morning young Sheridan, then about eight years old, descended unusually late for breakfast and was met at the door by his father, watch in hand. "Is this right, sir; is this right?" demanded the prelate in stern tones. "I don't know, sir," replied Sheridan, looking at the watch and pretending to think the question applied to it and not to his conduct, "but I rather think it's fast."

For this impertinence young Sheridan was condemned to write an essay on "The Three Ages of Man." Here is what he wrote:

"There are three ages of man.

"First.—When he is engaged in planning every conceivable mode of wickedness. This is known as the age of innocence.

"Second.—When he is putting his nefarious plans into operation. This is called the prime of manhood.

"Third.—When he becomes anxious about his soul and turns to religion. This is dotage."

And this from a child of eight!

The Power of Thought.

Beware of what you think, for what you think quite as much as what you do molds your character. Wrong acts persisted in will wreck any life, but wrong thoughts have just as sure an effect. It not infrequently happens that people who live fairly good lives, so far as their actions go do not feel it necessary to set so close a guard on their thoughts. These are hidden, and of what harm is it to occasionally cherish a vulgar thought if one does not allow it to escape in action? Of what harm to hate if one does not show it? To imagine oneself committing wrong acts if one does not actually commit them? But the laws of life say that every thought affects the whole being. As a man's heart is so will he be. Evil thoughts gradually undermine the character, and some day these thoughts will burst into action which is irremediable. Woman's Home Companion.

"Real Indian."

A young woman recently received instruction in the art of Indian basketry and had made several copies of Indian baskets of which she was very proud. A friend who had been living in Arizona called upon the young woman, who showed the baskets with considerable pride.

"They are really very well done," commented the visitor, "but of course they are not the real Indian baskets."

"Why, Mrs. Sawyer," indignantly exclaimed the maker, "how can you say that when I just told you that I made them myself?"—Youth's Companion.

Woman's Sarcasm.

Mrs. Buttercup—I wish I had a million dollars.

Mr. Buttercup—Thunderation, woman, haven't you any business sense? What do you want to stop at a paltry million for when you can wish for a hundred million just as easily and with just as much prospect of getting it? No wonder we are poor!—Kansas City Journal.

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Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

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On Saturday of this week all the following merchants will give twenty yellow trading stamps free, in addition to those you are regularly entitled to on any purchase over $1.00.

Cut this advertisement out, present it to any of the following merchants who will present you with $2.00 worth of stamps, absolutely free.

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See display of premiums at Fry & Herzog's.